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RAMBLES IN BULGARIA.

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'DANUBIO, río devino
Que por fieras naciones,
Vas con tus claras ondas discurriendo.' — LOPE DE VEGA.

AN old Turkish boat-man, the very picture of Charon, ferried me across the Danube, for a few paras, and set me down on the narrow strand of Silistria. A half-dozen houses were scattered along the sandy shore, but the city appeared to be sunk below the level of its wall, a few minarets alone being visible above the latter. Colonel Bent hastened on in the first arabá his dragoman could obtain. The latter informed me that Silistria contained neither a hotel nor lodgings of any kind kept by a Christian. At the promise of a couple of piasters, a greasy *Cawas* shouldered my carpet-bags, and led the way to a Turkish khan. A few Ottoman soldiers were leaning idly on their muskets at the gate through which we passed. It seemed as if the genius of death reigned within those solitary walls. Nothing save the desert, the wilderness, and the calm ocean, is so silent as a Turkish city. There is no rattling of carriages or tramp of hurried feet; there are no brawling voices: men, silent men, in the grave costume of the Orientals, and women veiled from the sight of the most inquiring eye, glide along the narrow streets and stony lanes, more like ghosts than human beings. The impression is one of solitude and death.

The khan, where a board was promised me for a couch, contained but a single square room, with mats for squatting Turks, racks for chibouques, and shelves for kargilehs and the diminutive cups in which coffee was served by a bustling little *cafildji*. For a guide I employed a sleek, good-natured Mussulman, who, in the comprehensive language of the Orientals, 'knew every thing,' and appeared to combine the occupation of a police-man at the city-gate with the occasional services of a dragoman. Mustapha was shaven as to his head, but wore his beard after the manner of the Osmanlis, and gloried in a girdle glittering with

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bright weapons. He slept at my feet on the hard boards, drank black coffee, and ate fiery dishes of *papûka* at my expense, having no objection to my piasters, however much he may have hated me in his heart as a Christian.

Silistria, the chief city of the *Sandjac* of Silistria, has a population of about twenty thousand souls. It is surrounded by a wall and *fosse*; the former varying from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and mounted, at proper intervals, with saucy cannon. There is none of 'Dickens' 'distressing regularity' of streets. In the open places winged and four-footed carnivora may often be seen dismembering an unfortunate donkey or other animal that has died by the way. In Turkish cities filth, and mud-and-dust, her twin sister, 'most do congregate.' There is not a painted house in Silistria, and, with the exception of the mosques, but two structures more than a single story in height. One of these is the residence of the pacha; the other the half-finished Greek Church, the erection of which the Russians began while in possession of the city, from 1829 to 1833. In the end toward the Arab Tabia I counted where twenty cannon-balls had struck and done good execution. The Russians were compelled to batter down the work of their own hands. That is typical of Russian — of European policy. Absolutists are blinded: they plan and work merely for to-day, and build not upon strong and permanent bases. The tyrants of our generation are doomed to roll the stone of Sysiphus: would that they had also to grasp after the delusive cup of Tantalus!

The low cabins of Silistria are surrounded by little court-yards; and walking through the streets is passing between two continuous, windowless walls. These wicker-walls — for such is their construction in the Danubian cities — are so well plastered, internally and externally, as to defy the eye of the curious howadji on the *qui vive* for the veiled beauties within. The one great object for which Mussulmans appear to live, is to conceal their women from the inquiring eyes of men.

The manner of building Turkish and Bulgarian houses is unique. Four posts are driven into the earth, and joined by means of cross-pieces, between which are interwoven the pliant twigs of the willow. The frame-work is done by the awkward native carpenters, after the posts are driven into the earth, and not while they are lying on the ground. The low roof is tiled. A coating of clay, mixed with animal manure, is applied externally; and on the inside a plastic material affords a hard wall which can be white-washed or ornamented with the wretched daubs in which the artists of the veiled sex sometimes indulge. For the floor they employ a piece of the soil given by Allah to be inhabited by his children. Acres of such habitations can be swept away in a few minutes by fire; and hence the immense conflagrations which so often occur in the large Turkish cities. They are, however, the best structures to withstand a siege. I did not see a house that had not been perforated by one or more cannon-balls; but they had merely passed through the wicker-walls, leaving small round holes, the same as when bullets are fired through a glass-window. It was only where a bomb-shell had burst, that great injury had been done. The Russians appear to have aimed particularly at the five mosques of

Silistria, whose tall minarets were excellent targets. Shot and shell had made curious work with those barn-like edifices.

It is astonishing that seventy thousand balls and bomb-shells could be fired into a city like Silistria without producing more damage than a few Bulgarian masons could repair in a short time. There was also but a small loss of life in the garrison and among the inhabitants. The general rule that it requires nearly ten thousand discharges to put one of the enemy *hors du combat* was more than true of the Russians, and less than true of the Turkish and Arab troops who defended Silistria during an eventful siege of thirty-nine days. In vain did Paskiewitch attempt to unlock the gates of Silistria with a golden key.

By the side of one of the ruined mosques lies Mussa Pacha, who fell during the siege when about to engage in the morning-prayer. His successor was an arrant coward, and took refuge in one of the subterranean chambers, where most of the inhabitants repaired for safety. In the course of a few days his hair became snow-white through fear and mental anguish. Butler, who also fell during the siege, was buried in the court-yard of a Greek church hard by. The Bishop of Silistria would not at first permit the desecration of what the Orthodox Greeks call holy ground, by the dust of an Englishman, but was obliged to yield to the order of the Pacha. Let justice be done to the true defenders of Silistria. The English, as might be anticipated from their national character, claim that the exertions of Butler and Naysmith alone saved the city from falling into the hands of the Russians. Such was not the case. The first place of honor belongs to Grack, a brave Prussian, who unfortunately died at Rustchuk, one month after the repulse of the Russians before the out-works of Silistria. Butler and Naysmith were India officers, good in hand-to-hand conflict, but nothing more. Neither of them made any pretensions to skill in engineering, and both were unpopular with the inhabitants of Silistria, as also among the defenders of Arab Tabia. Grack was an excellent engineer: to him was given the charge of repairing the breaches effected by the Russians, and to him, more than any one else, were the Turks indebted for the preservation of Silistria.

A strong garrison was still stationed in Silistria, and there was great fear that the dreaded *Moskos*, as they called the Russians, would return.

I had seen every thing worthy of attention in dingy, battered Silistria. Anxious to study the rural life of the Turks, and still more anxious to experience the Oriental life of Stamboul and Grand Cairo, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity to depart. Terzin Bashá, a little Hungarian tailor with whom I had become acquainted through Mustapha, conducted me to Ibrahim Pacha, the governor of Silistria. His Excellency was reclining in the *Selamlık*, or male apartment, smoking, with a company of grave Mussulmans, the delicious *kief*. Our entrance scarcely interrupted their placid intoxication. Terzin meekly slipped off his shoes in the presence of the pacha, who is the representative of the august Abdul Medjid, or, as the faithful delight to call the Sultan, 'the Unmuzzled Lion, and Proud Tamer of Infidels.' The pachas of the different provinces and cities are appointed by the

Padishah, and to him alone are they answerable. In Turkey, posts of honor and profit, like the governorships, are given to those who offer most piasters for the same, and are usually continued on the annual payment of a stipulated sum ; although the principal occupation of the pachas is 'to suck the very vitals of their provinces.' They control the revenue, command the military force, and exercise criminal jurisdiction in their respective governments ; but notwithstanding these powers, are called 'statues of glass' by the Turks, and can be deposed and punished at the will of the Sultan. I judged Ibrahim Pacha to be a man of the most profound incapacity. In a country where hereditary aristocracy has no existence, and where slaves become Grand Viziers, the highest offices are often administered by persons taken from the very dregs of society. The traveller occasionally has the opportunity of enjoying the hospitality of these officials, who, however, cannot be esteemed, and must be looked upon with that feeling of mingled regard and pity which is excited by the simplicity and goodness of very benevolent but very illiterate old women.

Ibrahim Pacha gave one twitch of his superior ocular muscles, regarded me for a moment, and then directed that I should be seated. It was not my first interview with a pacha, and I did not stop to enjoy the proffered pipe and coffee.

'What does the howadji desire?' inquired the Pacha.

'The howadji, O Ibrahim Pacha! desires permission from your Excellency to travel through Bulgaria on his way to the great city of Stamboul,' replied Terzin Bashá. The governor gave another twitch of his ocular muscles, and waved his hand toward the police-office, where I was to procure the *teskery*, or Turkish passport.

The office of the police bore a close resemblance to a tailor's shop, the officers and scribes all seated cross-legged upon mats and low divans.

My original purpose had been to proceed from Silistria to Schumla, cross the range of the Balkans and reach Stamboul by Adrianople, the second city of European Turkey. But there was no Turkish post between Silistria and Schumla, and I could find neither horses nor a Tartar to act as guide. Terzin Bashá said that I might possibly procure an arabá, or Turkish carriage, at a khan in the city, and we started off to see what could be done. The keeper of the khan, a dark, thin-visaged Turk, with deep-sunken eyes, and wearing the round turban and flowing costume of Damascus, informed us that he could furnish the desired conveyance to Varna ; but in consideration of the length of the route, the escort necessary to keep off the vagrant Klephts and Bashi-Bazouks, and innumerable perils by the way, he demanded three hundred piasters. I finally brought him down to two hundred and twenty-five piasters, about ten dollars of our money. We were to start the next morning : the escort was to be strong, the horses superb, and the arabá the best of the kind. Our bargaining had been carried on in a group of silent smoke-consumers.

A collection of the pipes of all nations would give the best possible idea of national characteristics. The calumet of the American Indians, ornamented with feathers and porcupine quills, and made to be smoked

by a whole tribe, indicates a certain advance of the social state, but gives no idea of individuality. The universal pipe of the Yankee nation, short, cheap, and thoroughly practical, is a decided indication of progress. The American must smoke as he runs and reads, else he would not get time to smoke at all—earnestness and activity being chief elements of his character. The sharp, money-getting American physiognomy seems, in fact, hardly complete without the accompaniment of a pipe or a segar directed toward one of the wandering planets. The more cumbrous article used by the English denotes a spirit that does not like to be small in smoke, literal or symbolical, The *pipe en boue* of the French, with its *penchant* forward, like the French military cap, gives us an idea of the future, but is most liable to be *ruinée* by the force of, opposing obstacles, as is the case with all schemes floating in the undefined limbo of French politics. The German *Meerschäum*, a cross between the Trian lute and a polypus, has a smack of the Oriental mingled with Occidental habits and usages. One lingers before the window of a Viennese *Fabrik* as he would in a gallery of antiques; for on those huge *Meerschäum* bowls the cunning hands of artists have toiled to reproduce what was most wonderful in the smoky myths of the Greeks, from the funeral games round the tomb of Patroclus to the lesser glories delineated on Achilles' shield. Still the smoking Dutchman is a working Dutchman. He suspends his pipe so as not to interfere with locomotion or manipulation. Without tobacco-smoke we should not have the metaphysical ravings and the ontological vagaries of the Teutonics. The pipes become longer and more cumbrous as one penetrates further in the east of Europe. It was in the family of a Hungarian count that I first learned to appreciate the Turkish chibouque charged with fragrant Latakieh. French civilization has done something in the way of reducing the folds of the Ottoman turban, in diminishing the ampler parts of the baggy pantaloons in which true Mussulman delights, and in displacing the cumbrous, all-concealing veil by the 'woven air' which reveals the flushing tints and rich outlines of Circassian beauty, but the Turks will never become a progressive people until their pipes are reduced from the dimensions of feet to inches.

Smoking is *par excellence* the peculiar institution of the Ottomans. The influence of the Latakieh seems to have penetrated their very souls, and lends a hazy, dreamy outline to all the manifestations of their outward life. The genuine Turk, dressed like a fillibuster, enjoys his long chibouque or snaky nargileh from morn to eve, with the gravity of an alderman, and the glowing visions of the great-eyed Orient appear to float before his mental vision as he yields himself up to their perennial charm.

I am, indeed, greatly amused to see how the Turks, on their own soil, and uncorrupted by foreign tastes, persevere in the use of tobacco. At college, my room-mate persisted in going to sleep every night with an ignited segar between his teeth. The Dutch pilot who took us into Rotterdam, after

'A two weeks' tipsy time on cold salt-water merely,'

must have descended from the Wouter Van Twiller who smoked away

the embarrassments attending the early settlement of New-York; although at the time, his piscatorial face, the fishy expression about his eyes, and two short arms, moving precisely as a dolphin moves its pectoral fins, led me more than once to cast my eyes under his long-tailed coat in search of a like caudal appendage, and suggested that he might have had an existence in that remote age when, according to Vathek, Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants all fish. Not every where, as in the canals of Rotterdam, can one behold sailors mounting the rigging of lofty ships, and handling the sails with pipes in their mouths. When, at the inn of the Three Lions in Semlin, I saw my Hungarian neighbor complacently shaving himself, with a huge Meerschaum suspended from his teeth: I verily thought the Mont-Blanc of fumatory achievements attained; but stranger experiences were in store for me among the Orientals. The *Chibouchi*, or pipe-bearer, takes the first rank among the servants of every Turkish grandee. Pipe-cleaners perambulate the streets of Turkish cities, and announce their craft after the manner of charcoal-men with us. Turkish troops often go into action with their long pipes lashed upon their knapsacks; and at the close of the daily fasts of the Ramazan, the *chibouque* takes the precedence of food and water.

It was on a mild autumnal evening that I rode out in company with an Italian surgeon in the Turkish service, to visit the celebrated outpost of Arab Tabia. I had spent the day with my friend in attending the invalids at the different hospitals, crowded to excess with the sick and wounded. As we passed through the land-gate of the city I noticed, in a nook of the wall hard by, a company of Turkish troops piously engaged in the evening prayer. They had carefully gone through the requisite ablutions, and, having spread mats and garments on the earth in the direction of Mecca, performed the impressive devotions which characterize the followers of Mohammed. There was the absorption peculiar to the Ottoman worship of to-day, and not the fervor of the Janissaries kneeling in solid squadrons, shouting *Allah hou!* as they rushed into the combat, and, with an enthusiasm unknown to the less devout Nizam, overrunning province after province, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other. An officer appeared to lead, and they performed their prostrations and semi-prostrations as if they had been accustomed to press shoulder to shoulder into the conflict.

A ride of a few minutes brought us to the base of the hill on the crest of which the Arab Tabia is situated. The bluffy bank of the Danube is here interrupted for a distance of several miles; the hills, or rather the line of elevated ridges which disappear in a *plateau* at the southward and westward, sweeping around Silistria in the form of an amphitheatre. What would otherwise be a continuous but elevated *plateau*, is broken into several ridges by defiles that radiate back into the country a distance of many miles. On the crests of the ridges, thus thrown into a semi-circle, are situated the five out-posts of Silistria, the two nearest the river, namely, the one above and the other below Silistria, being of less importance than the three others, the Arab Tabia at the south-east, the Medjidie, nearly south from the city, and a smaller fortification between them. The Medjidie appeared to be the only one of the

out-works worthy the name of a fort. The hill-side, formerly covered with fields and vine-yards, had been ploughed by cannon-balls, and was thickly strown with the fragments of exploded bombs. The Russians approached Silistria from the south-east, and so puny was the obstacle in their way, that an orator in the House of Commons was entirely correct in saying : ' The first wave of that remarkable invasion was scattered into foam before the out-works of a fifth-rate fortress.' I shall never be able to comprehend the Russian defeat at Silistria. The Arab Tabia, a mere out-work, simply an earth-fortification, was defended by no more than six guns. Never was there offered a better position for bombarding a city than from the *plateau* which stretches away from the Tabia, and affords a commanding point of rare advantage, an indispensable acquisition in the successful carrying on of a siege. Yet Paskiewitch was foiled, and lost the flower of his officers, with fifteen thousand men, before beating a retreat. I examined every inch of ground with the greatest care. There were the mines laid by Childers, and sprung precisely at the moment to create dreadful havoc among his own troops : there were the long trenches by which the enemy thought to approach near the Tabia, but were so often foiled by the watchful Arabs within : there were the hard-trodden spots of hand-to-hand conflicts in which the fierce Arnauts had cut to pieces whole squadrons with their terrible yataghans : and there, O horrid sight ! were the pits into which the thousands slain had been promiscuously thrown, to embrace each other in the accidental movements of the dead. A division of Turkish troops, which had been engaged in extending and repairing the fortification, slowly descended from the Tabia, and with beating drum and glittering bayonet, marched up the declivity of the Medjidie.

The extended view from the Arab Tabia is not uninteresting. At the southward and eastward, beyond the plain on which the Russians operated, are the forest-clad hills of Bulgaria. At the northward flows old Danubius as proudly as in the days when Roman legions were encamped along his banks ; while beyond stretches away, farther than the eye can reach, the low plain of Wallachia, once the highway of nomadic nations pressing toward the Occident ; but in later times the battleground of empires struggling for the mastery of the world.

After our return to Silistria I dined *à la Turk* with my Italian friend in an old Turkish house assigned for his quarters by the Pacha. The meal consisted of numerous dishes prepared in genuine Turkish style by a soldier-servant ; the names of which are unimportant, the ingredients of which I never knew, save those of the rice *pillaff*, the crowning glory of every Turkish feast. We were joined by another Italian surgeon, also in the service of the Sultan. After dinner pipes and coffee were brought in ; but more pleasing to me than the dainty morsels of the Turkish *cuisine*, the fragrant Latakieh, or the aromatic Mocha, were the racy anecdotes of Turkish life, and the imbroglíos of adventure with which, reclining upon the divan, we beguiled the long hours. My companions were political exiles. They spoke feelingly, almost tearfully, of their loved Italy, of her fair hills and poet-sung skies, of her humiliation and her future, and seemed to bemoan the

cruel fate which had exiled them from their home on the yellow Tiber to the inhospitable banks of the Danube.

At a late hour they sallied out to accompany me to the lodgings of Terzin Bashá. Gas was never dreamed of in a Turkish city; the streets are without names; the houses without numbers. Every person who ventures out after dark must carry a paper lantern, or incur the risk of being arrested by the police and kept in custody until morning. An English ambassador at Constantinople, not Stratford de Redcliffe, occasionally ventured abroad incognito in the dark. In one of his nocturnal sallies without the customary light, he fell into the hands of the police; and, as they could not distinguish an English lord from an ordinary Frank traveller, was, in spite of all his protestations, put in the lock-up to sleep with rogues and vagabonds. The following morning the authorities were shocked at having caged a British lion. With the usual tact of the Ottomans in getting out of difficulties, they hastily summoned the largest Turkish band in Pera, formed a hollow square for his Excellency, and persisted in marching him down to his palace through crowds of wondering Turks, and amid the frenzied dissonance which a Turkish band can alone produce.

It was a night of Bulgaro-Egyptian darkness. Now and then a sleepy watchman, whose girdle glistened with weapons, would stop us for a moment, and the wolfish dogs over which we stumbled in the street followed us with their flashing eyes and ceaseless barking.

We were soon lost in the interminable labyrinth of Silistria, and wandered about a long time without being able to find Terzin Bashá, or even the house from which we had started. Some one at last conducted us to the lodgings of the little tailor. My friends bade me *buona notte*. Terzin lived in an Armenian family, who, with characteristic inhospitality, insisted that I should not spend the night under their roof, as in their peculiar godliness, they would not sleep with a heretic believing in the divinity of CHRIST and the eternal punishment of sins.

The Basha — may the blessing of Allah rest upon him and all honest tailors! — then conducted me to his little business sanctum in another part of the city. On his platform as a couch, and his goose for a pillow, I soon fell asleep, dreaming of Klephts, fleas, and especially of the luxurious arabá in which I was to be suspended between heaven and earth on the following day.

‘Prayer is better than sleep.’ The Turks rise early, in order to invoke the Prophet. The *Cawas* of Ibrahim the khan-keeper, led to my quarters by some mysterious agency, woke me at an early hour. He shouldered my carpet-bags, and I followed him to the khan, where, as he declared, they had been waiting an hour for my arrival.

Oh! the delusions of Oriental exaggeration! The escort to guard me against the Bashi-Bazouks had dwindled down to two Turkish soldiers, one of whom was sick and the other charged with a large bag of piasters for a Mussulman merchant in Stamboul. These, in default of a banking system, had to be conveyed hundreds of miles, and in my opinion were a capital temptation to those who get a living by practising upon the Greek verb *kleptein*.

The magnificent horses promised the day before, which were to rival

the swift coursers of the Hafter, I found to be wretched hacks of the vilest Bulgarian blood, incomparably more wretched than any thing equine to be found in the wide kingdom of Connaught. I am confident that, taken together, they did not exhibit one of the seventy good traits which, according to the best Arab judges, belong to every good horse. What magical wand could have converted the creatures of my imagination into such detestable hirsans? They seemed to be formed merely of osseous tissue, and the organs of respiration, packed tightly in a cutaneous integument, the solution of whose continuity revealed here and there the workings of the systems within. Baron Munchausen would not have entertained for a moment the thought of reaching Varna with such animals, to disturb whose stable equilibrium but a single breath of air seemed necessary. But the arabá to which these promising steeds were harnessed — what beautiful word could express a more perfect delusion! Not a particle of iron or metal of any kind had been used in the construction of that nondescript *voiture*, good for nothing but in name. Upon four wooden wheels was balanced a rude box framed of sticks of wood interwoven with pieces of bark. Bows had been bent over the top so as to support a coarse mat, in the shade of which, according to the idea of the architect, might repose the weary traveller. Ibrahim looked upon me with lofty contempt, as with a single effort of the hand I produced a luxation in almost every joint of the curious vehicle. ‘*Bosh! bosh!*’ I shouted into his ears — a Turkish word signifying all that is worthless, superficial, and contemptible, in things moral, verbal, or material. I plainly saw it would be of no avail to rouse up the fanatical in Ibrahim. I was tired of Silistria; and the *Cawwas* of the dirty, yellow turban and shuffling babouche declared that not another arabá could be found in the city. ‘*Pekee! pekee!*’ ‘good! good!’ whispered the Turkish soldier with the piasters, who, instead of drawing his scimeter to force me into the arabá, ingenuously threw his arms around my neck and besought me to go. I meekly inquired of Ibrahim how long it might take to reach Varna in the conveyance he had supplied. His answer gave me a clearer comprehension of the Turkish character than medicating a whole regiment of the Nizam, or poring for weeks over the plethoric tomes of Von Hammer. Drawing himself up to his full height, and seizing with one hand his magnificent beard, he shouted, ‘*I am not Allah! how should I comprehend time and distance?*’ and meekly added, ‘*There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet;*’ a sentence that cuts the gordian-knot of all Ottoman difficulties. We started. The very dogs barked at us until they lost the power of utterance; and veiled women ran out to look upon the departing *Howadjí*. I could only wonder whether the awkward, waddling bundle of clothes before me enveloped the blushes of sweet seventeen or the frowns and wrinkles of seventy winters. We passed through the southern gate of Silistria, and took the road which winds up the ravine between Arab Tabia and the Medjidie. Looking back, I bade a final adieu to old Danubius, the one great river of Europe. It was on the Danube that I had enjoyed some of the wildest scenery of the Eastern world. I had there become acquainted with all the beautiful features of German social life, and there learned to honor

Hungarian virtue and patriotism. Amid the strata of expiring civilizations I had seen much which carried the mind back to the time when the tramp of Roman legions was heard along the Danube, and Roman life throbbed in the busy camps and cities of the Ister, long ago given up to desolation and solitude. Even in these remote regions the victorious eagles left the impress of civilization; for as Pompey said, the foot of a Roman soldier had but to touch a foreign soil, and new institutions would spring forth as if spontaneous.

What wonder, O reader! that the ancient Egyptians deified Nilus? He scatters fertility like a god; and without him there had been no Egypt. Great rivers, like hoary temples and the everlasting mountains, have also a sublime interest, a mute eloquence of their own. The mythology of Greece, instinct with imagination, crowned every rock with an Oread, hid a Naiad in every fountain, and if it did not, like the Egyptian, deify rivers, it at least made them sacred to the gods, and converted their sylvan banks into retreats for the graces and the muses. Like the illustrious French traveller, who roamed over the Eastern world more as a pilgrim than a mere gatherer of facts, I have always had a passion to press my lips to the bosom of great rivers, believing it were better if man and nature were more familiar friends. Thus have I drunk from the Mississippi, the Thames, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube: thus I hope to drink from the Nile and the Jordan, the Ilissus and that lesser stream of Asia whose murmuring waters often listened to the songs of Homer.

Rivers are the moving high-ways of the nations. In the earlier ages of the world they slowly accomplished what the steam-ship booming on the ocean, and thought leaping across the globe on telegraphic nerves, are now doing to solve the destiny of the human race. Their Briarean arms embrace the earth. The earlier migrations crept slowly along their banks, and much of the commerce of the world still flows in their channels.

The familiar and high-sounding names of Eastern rivers are apt, however, to give a wrong impression of their size and importance. The Danube and the Nile are indeed magnificent streams; the former receiving the waters of a hundred rivers, with a hundred nations clustered on its banks, the latter flowing through a thousand miles of desert without a single tributary. The Jordan is worthy to be called a river only when swollen by the winter rains; the Eurotas of Sparta is a mere mountain-brook. The Simois, and that stream on the plain of Troy which the gods called Xanthus and men Scamander, are scarcely visible except to the eye of faith: the Cephissus, which waters the groves of the Academy, and once waked the swelling thoughts of Plato, would not, in this practical age, propel an ordinary saw-mill; and the Ilissus, the Ilissus of Athens, that far-famed river, sacred to the muses, can be leaped across by a child, and furnishes scarcely water enough to purify the rags of a few Greek women, the unpoetical descendants of the *Musæ Ilissiadæ*, who once wandered along its banks.

Never shall I forget that inky, leaden Bulgarian sky, nor the cold wind which, cradled among the icy peaks of the Balkans, swept down the ravine through which we were passing. The Wallachian plain,

the minarets of Silistria, the Arab Tabia, and the Medjidie, were soon out of sight; and, drawing my travelling-cloak closely around me, I stretched myself at full length on the bottom of the arabá, to meditate upon the pleasures of travel among semi-barbarians. Of romance there was none: romance belongs to civilization. I found the arabá much better than I had expected. From its looseness of construction it yielded gently to the sudden elevations and depressions in the Bulgarian road, and swayed to-and-fro like a ship in a storm. The horses were not nimble, nor did their peculiar manner of locomotion correspond to any thing I had read in the German work on the gaits of animals, but, like the arabá, save a few vicious tricks, they surpassed all expectations.

On reaching the elevated plateau which flanks Silistria, the winding road stretched off in a south-easterly direction toward the Euxine. As we advanced, the country became more hilly and broken. The ravines were well wooded. Many of the slopes bore a close resemblance to the oak-openings of the West; and from time to time we passed through magnificent forests that would do credit even to American scenery. The soil would be exceedingly fertile were it not for the great scarcity of water during the months of summer and autumn. The first day's journey I did not see a single stream. The region, for many miles in the interior, had been occupied by the Russians, and presented a scene of the utmost desolation. Hordes of marauding Bashi-Bazouks had swept away the little left after the forages of the Cossacks. The Bulgarian cabins had been reduced to ashes, and their inmates swept away by the rude breath of war. The fountains erected here and there by Moslem piety or Moslem pride had fallen into decay, or had recently been broken and defaced by ruthless hands. The Russians had plunged their dead horses into the wells; and the apparition of out-stretched legs from the limpid water was not peculiarly gratifying to a thirsty traveller.

The road was in a state of nature. Selim, the Turkish driver, and a paragon of Oriental ease, was perpetually losing his way among the diverging routes; and the sick man patted along behind us on the spare Bulgarian pony.

Abdallah, my right-hand man, and withal a plump, good-natured Turk from the camp of Achmet Pacha, mingled his amatory chants with the sighs and groans of the arabá. He seemed happy, just returning as he was to Stamboul, after a long campaign on the Danube, and sung *Güzel! pek güzel!* (My beautiful! my very beautiful!) hour after hour, in drawling, nasal tones, that could not have been equalled by a Scotch master of psalmody.

We met a long string of arabás from the interior, drawn by buffaloes, and loaded with grain for Silistria. I did not omit the Turkish salutation: *Aleikum salaam* in answer to *Salaam aleikum!* (Peace be with you!) to the drivers of those anomalous animals before vehicles still more anomalous. I am confident that no other quadruped, bovine or equine, combines so perfectly all the points of ugliness as the Bulgarian buffalo; and certainly the cunning hand of man cannot devise another vehicle so ludicrous and indescribably wretched as the Turkish arabá, whose original must have been in use among the nomadic peuplads of Orchan and Timour. Magnificent word, typical of that Oriental exag-

geration which for ever flatters with high-sounding names, and disgusts with the shabbiness of the reality.

We made comparatively little progress, and toward night reached Koutchouk-Kainardji, a large Bulgarian village, where the celebrated treaty of that name was signed on a drum-head, in the year 1774, by Field-Marshal Romanzoff and the representative of the Grand Vizier. In that convention, since so often invoked by Turkey as well as Russia, the Porte recognized the independence of the Tartars of the Crimea, and granted to the Russians free navigation in all the seas of the Ottoman Empire; thus opening the route to Constantinople to the Muscovite fleets, and foreshadowing evils innumerable to the Turks. Catharine, by way of compensation, restored to the Ottomans Bessarabia, the Danubian Principalities, and the Islands of the Archipelago, previously conquered by the Russians.

THE HEART'S CONTRAST.

The sweet spring-time is coming
 Once again;
 On the flower-buds softly droppeth
 Gentle rain;
 Opening soon, each fairy blossom,
 Folded long on earth's cold bosom,
 Wakes to bliss;
 Breathing forth a fragrant blessing,
 Answering to the wind's caressing
 Balmy kiss.

Still the tiny fairy floweret
 Lieth low,
 That I placed on earth's cold bosom
 'Neath the snow.
 Then the wintry winds were sweeping
 O'er the mound where she was sleeping;
 Now the rain
 Softly on the green grass falleth;
 From the ground *my* flower-bud calleth
 All in vain.

Myriad forms of life are waking
 Everywhere,
 And the song of birds outgushing
 Charms the air.
 But, alas! I'm watching nightly
 For the form that glided lightly
 O'er the floor:
 What to me the wild-bird's singing!
 I shall hear her sweet voice ringing
 Nevermore.

M. A. E. T.

A S U M M E R S A B B A T H .

THE sun is rising o'er the distant hills,
 And throws his long, straight beams
 On the ripe harvest plains,
 Along the flower-haunted lanes,
 In full and fiery-heated streams.

The distant crow of cock comes drowsily
 Up from the way-side hill:
 And, dull as in a dream,
 Gurgles the rock-bedded stream
 Down in the valley by the steep-roofed mill.

On the warm air the perfume of the hay,
 New-mown, blows from the meads:
 And down the long road-side,
 Where modest wild flowers hide,
 Fresh perfume rises o'er the dusty weeds.

The brazen weather-cock is motionless
 Upon the low church-spire:
 And glitteringly bright
 Hangs 'gainst the uprising light,
 Like guardian cherubim sword of fire!

The church-bell rings; and while its peaceful notes
 Die on the calm, still air,
 The happy rustics all,
 Prompt to the sacred call,
 In little scattered groups draw near;

Through trodden foot-paths in the valleys low,
 And on the low hill-side,
 Where happy hamlets lie
 In sweet tranquillity —
 Where pure Religion covets to abide.

Through the low wicket come the gathering flock —
 Tread softly 'mong the graves —
 Enter the rustic doors,
 And, while the organ pours
 Forth from its deepest depths melodious waves

Of sacred music, tremulous and sad —
 While from the stir of shrubbery
 Murmuring 'mong the tombs
 Cometh the sweet perfumes
 Through the half-open windows where the sky

Peeps calmly in, they humbly kneel to pray
 An answer to the prayerful calls
 Descending from above:
 The spirit of the dove
 Seemeth to brood about the sacred walls.

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While here I sit, my childhood comes to me:
 A hymn that timidly grew faint
 As the late years rolled on,
 Till it had almost gone,
 Once more salutes my soul — a sweet, pure plaint

From a dear, holy voice I know in heaven.
 I feel my sainted mother's hand
 Lie lightly on my brow,
 And to me cometh now
 The voice of prayer from the far spirit-land.

Thus there are seasons when the dreaming soul
 Wakes to a dear reality.
 Apart from worldly care
 It breathes a holier air,
 And swells with conscious immortality.

Easton, (Pa.), May, 1855.

H. BONHAM.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

PART SIX.

THE HEART'S EXPERIENCE.

WEARILY passed the two days of waiting, during which I endeavored to be cheerful; but the stern gravity of that unrelenting countenance grew darker and darker, until it began to be fearful. My letter was not answered; but I knew as well as written words could tell me, that my dream of happiness was over.

The appointed hour came for my lover to arrive; and this time I was waiting in the parlor, with no fear of swooning, but with a heavy and sorrow-burdened spirit. The old feeling of paralyzation came over me. Cold, restrained, and without animation, I gave pain to him who had come with the bright bow of promise in his sky, and knew nothing of my fears of clouds and darkness. He read in my averted eye an averted heart.

Any one who entered might have supposed we were playing 'Puss, puss in the corner;' for we were scarcely within hearing distance of each other, and looked as if contemplating a funeral rather than any more joyous event. I could not speak of hope, for I had none, yet shrank from giving the true cause of my dejection and indifference.

We parted, not to meet again, but to write, though I had little hope of being permitted. Until there had been a prohibition, I need not be governed by it.

In three days it came, the letter — a love-letter, the first my eyes had perused; and notwithstanding the heaviness of my spirit, thrilled it as only one joy in life can thrill. The first love-letter! it may seem

a foolish trifle to dwell upon, but who has not felt its power? May I have no readers who are ignorant of its magic charm.

Mine was full of love, but also contained many fears, and a little gentle chiding. But it was a rain-bow, so bright as to dispel the clouds, dark as night, which were gathering around me. I read it, re-read it, and committed it to memory. I answered it too, but my words did not come from my heart. I could not speak what I felt. I knew they must soon be recalled; yet it kept up the spark of hope in a lover's bosom, and sustained me, too, in my fast-failing strength.

But the crisis came at length. I was summoned to my father's presence to hear the decree, on which might hang the hope of happiness for life. I thought I was prepared for it, whatever it might be; yet when it came, staggered beneath the blow. The words I could not remember an hour, and scarcely heard them, but the sensation they produced, as they fell cold and hard upon my heart, heavily and more heavily, one after another, till I had not strength to listen, no happiness in after-life could ever efface.

We were forbidden to meet, forbidden to write, 'because it was folly, and because Mr. D —— was not a man he liked.' When asked for a better reason why those who were most concerned and were old enough to judge, should not be permitted to act for themselves, he could only answer, that he was not accustomed to give reasons: my duty was to obey, and not question.

If I had had a mother's bosom on which to weep, tears might have relieved the bursting heart and fevered brain; but I was alone; and all around grew dark, oh! how dark! and there seemed only desolation in a world which was indeed teeming with life and beauty.

I uttered no remonstrance, and spoke no word of bitterness; but when he had finished, walked quietly and silently from the room. I did not faint or fall: these were not my habits: I was accustomed to endure. To none around me were there any signs of agitation.

My first study was how to screen him who had wounded me. His words had been so many daggers, plunged in my heart with a recklessness and guilt far greater than to have pierced my vitals with a fatal knife. Yet he was my father; and I had been taught that it would be like to the sin of Ham to uncover the nakedness of his soul to the world. I must speak falsehood, and take to myself the blame rather than do this.

When recovered a little from the shock, I remembered the reservation which at the time was meant to palliate the blow. At the end of two years, if we did not in the mean time meet or write or in any way communicate, he would remove the prohibition. Two years! it was a long time, an age, in such a life as mine; but it would have an end; and he did not know the strength of purpose he was fostering, by a promise which he did not suppose he should be called upon to fulfil.

Two years! Though my daily routine was like walking hither and thither through the desert, with this star of hope I should not faint. But then arises the thought: 'Will he who is to share with me this sorrow and this hope, be equally patient? Will his love bear this test?'

I wrote to tell him; but I did not permit him a glimpse of my

bruised spirit. I said our acquaintance had been short, and I had seen little of the world. My father therefore thought best to try us. Two years would soon pass away. Under the circumstances in which we were to await their end, we should be thoroughly proved, and I believed it to be well. If he could not accede to this, he was free from all obligations to me, and our acquaintance might be forgotten.

How my conscience smote me when I received the answer to this cold, unwomanly letter. 'Yes,' he said; 'he could wait — wait patiently as long as Jacob waited for Rachel, if he might then be sure he should have his reward. It seemed a mysterious trial, and quite unnecessary; but he had been greatly misjudged, if he was thought not equal to it. Of the nature of my love,' he continues, 'you have little idea, if you think it is to be quenched by time or distance, or unmanly suspicion of my honor and my truth. Little indeed do you imagine its breadth and depth and constancy, burning steadily and more brightly during all the years of your indifference, with not a ray of hope to feed its flame. Think you, then, it will die, when I am permitted to bear about with me the assurance, faint though it be in comparison with what I believed I should receive, that I am enshrined in your memory, and that I may at length possess the one only treasure I have ever coveted? I cannot say I shall to the letter obey the command of non-communication: I shall think it no sin to disobey it; but I will not offend him who made the prohibition by the indignity of my presence.'

To this I did not think it a sin to reply in a strain more in accordance with the feelings of a true and loving heart; and so ended, for a time, all knowledge of each other.

So little emotion had been manifested, that Aunt Ida had supposed all things going on smoothly, and soon after our final separation, exclaimed: 'Well, when are we to have the wedding; for I suppose this is to be the end of the matter?'

'You will not have the trouble of a wedding, nor the trouble of any more calls.'

'Oh! you need n't tell me, as if I should believe you had given that nice young man the mitten.'

'It will make little difference whether you believe it, or not. If you wait, you will see.'

'Well, I think you'll be sorry, is all I have to say.'

And thus, for the present, ended the matter between us, and the heavy days wore on.

But the inward struggle was not less severe for this outward calm; and the nervous energy wasted fast in its effort to aid the strong will to overcome and subdue. No panics or hysterics ever revealed my soul's agony; but suffering did not less surely perform its work. When prostration came, and for many months the victim hovered upon the verge of the grave, physicians had no name for the disease, and gossips had no suspicion of its cause. But the mind was relieved when the body was in tortures. Tossing and tumbling and groaning are proper manifestations in any affliction but that of the heart; but as the heart-wound was not visible, and there was no danger of the accusation of

weakness, the spirit could share the relief of the body ; and through tears the burning brain grew cool.

Sympathy, too ; how much was bestowed for physical suffering ! How ready was every hand to assuage : and he who had crushed the spirit, and poured poison where he should have poured balm, watched anxiously by the couch of pain ; for to be sick and die was something he could understand ; but to languish in idleness, or hunger for affection, was a degeneracy for which he had no compassion. To snatch a daughter from the grasp of death would not have drawn from him a relenting word. He had not the weakness of being moved by entreaties, or recalling a fiat, however unjust.

I recovered : and when the spring-buds again opened, was able to go forth and enjoy their freshness. The mountains are ever the same in their hoary grandeur ; the river and the meadow in their quiet beauty. The birds are always happy. No heaviness of spirit disturbs their matins, and the free, glad air alone restrains their soarings. Would that I had wings : I would flee to some spot where gladness dwells. How strangely sweet is tyranny to man : how all who have it in their power delight to control and sway and oppress ; and insist upon believing they are exercising the right not of the stronger alone, but of the wiser and better. Kings and princes might be more easily pardoned for not sympathizing with the poor and toiling, for they were never poor ; but far more astonishing it is how soon those who are old forget they were ever young.

One whole year had passed : now I should only have to count by moons, and they would swiftly speed away. But should I dare to trust that there would be no change in the heart I was still believing true ? Whether I justly might or not, I did. I never for a moment doubted that it would return to me, not to fulfil a vow, or for fear of causing disappointment and sorrow, but with the same undivided affection, without a shadow of change. To be sure, I had not been left without some tokens of this fidelity. Post-masters are Argus-eyed, but they are not clairvoyant ; and the nicely-folded papers with wrappers that left 'each end open,' as the law requires, brought me many assurances which were none the less valued because I was obliged to consult Flora's interpreters in order fully to understand their import. Lilies and geraniums were not letters, but they were right eloquent messengers on love's errands ; and when I had formed a little herbarium of flowers which had been culled in field and forest and by the meadow-brook, selected among rare exotics in the conservatory or purloined from the garden-hedge, I had a book that needed no seal to keep it from other eyes ; where thoughts which were traced in gold and purple and scarlet were meaningless to all who gazed, and yet to me spoke volumes. What a revelation was every leaf and petal to my soul. But there was no acknowledgment of them ; and now, though the time for flowers had come again, the illuminated pages of my herbarium did not multiply : the next year would be blank. But it passed away, each season in its turn, and yet I lived. The bloom of summer and the blight of autumn were followed by winter's pageant and its storm ; and like the snow-shroud to the flowers, was the dawn-

ing spring to my hopes. Trust had almost faded from my heart ; and when the two years were wholly gone, and the red light dimmed into darkling shadows along the western hills, on the anniversary of our parting and our promise, and there was no sign of his coming, I began to sigh over the faithlessness of man, and to doubt, with the heroines of romance, if truth had existence except in name.

Yet in my woman's heart there arose a plea, for even a false lover. What wonder that he did not care to sue again for a hand which had been so insultingly denied him, and a heart which had never professed to reciprocate the love which had been so lavishly bestowed upon it ? He who sought it had never known the strength of the affection he had inspired, and had received no assurance of its fidelity. He had believed it scarcely warm in the beginning, and how could he imagine it would now be otherwise than cold ?

The appointed time came and went, and he was not here. Yes, he had probably changed, and I was forgotten. And with every hour I resolved to dwell no more upon a useless dream, and root from my heart the remembrance of one who was not worthy of me, and, like a genuine heroine of romance, carried this resolution into effect by recalling every look and tone of the banished one, perusing again and again the letters, no word of which had faded from my memory, and studying with renewed interest the mystic language of my flower-printed pages. And my efforts were attended with the usual consequences.

'Dear me ! I should think you were in love,' exclaimed Aunt Ida : 'how stupid you are lately.'

'And what can I be in love with ? — some of these trees, or the sheep upon the meadow ? Surely there has been nothing more human along here lately.'

'You spend most of your time in looking at the trees and the sheep, to be sure. You have hardly spoken for a month. I hope you are not going to turn into a mope.'

'I have not felt very well : you know I have not been strong since I was sick : ' and here my voice trembled a little, and the good lady's sympathy was immediately excited : she remembered that I had been sick, and did not care to have me sick again : and, like most people in the world, she only ascribed physical causes to physical suffering, and said : 'You ought to have something strengthening — a little wine-biters, or some of Dr. Morrell's cordial.'

'No : when the cold weather comes I shall be better. I wish I could journey ; but I cannot go alone.'

'Well ; why not ask your father to accompany you, or your brother to take you to the city ?'

'Oh ! my father is too busy, and would not understand the necessity ; and my brother, he is also too much engaged. I do not have to work for a living. I have enough to eat and drink and wear, a garden to walk in, books to read : they can't understand that I need any thing more. I ought to be well and happy.'

'Perhaps you ought to be happy : we all ought to be happy, with so many blessings which we do not deserve ; but I don't see how you can

help being sick, unless you are careless about taking cold, or eat something that disagrees with you.'

Alas ! I was not conscious of having been guilty of either of these sins, and yet I was far from well ; and had it been possible to be happy by force of will, or in obedience to persevering effort, no heart would have been more joyous than mine. In obedience to the promptings of her animal sympathy, Aunt Ida insisted on inquiring every night if I 'felt better,' and if I would not have some one of her infallible remedies for head-ache or 'general debility,' till I was forced, in self-defence, to profess myself entirely recovered, to assume cheerfulness, and to put my tongue in motion too ; for the good lady could not understand how a person could be well that did not talk, nor how a person could refrain from talking that was well. And quite as inconceivable it was to her, how there could be a cause of unhappiness that was not visible and tangible, or an ill that herb-drink would not heal.

So I had no longer the luxury of indulging in sadness, and grew suddenly more gay than ever ; which was proof to those around me that sickness and sorrow had been scattered to the winds.

It was the last bright morning of summer : how well I remember it. An acquaintance had called, and we were all in the parlor. I was sitting by the window, looking listlessly out, when a carriage drove up. That a gentleman alighted, I was aware, but this did not startle me ; and though my eyes followed him, it was not till he turned to enter the gate, that I awoke to the reality ; and then, at a single bound, I was out of the room, and before the bell rang, locked in my chamber. In what a dizzy whirl swam every thing before my eyes : and not till I had schooled myself to calmness, could I reënter the parlor to meet him — yes, the long-lost, and found.

I waited to be sent for, and then descended with a mien and manner that would not have disgraced a stoic. My first glance was at my father ; and on his brow I read my fate. Had I only been content to read it there, what a measure of woe it would have spared me.

One after another all departed, till we were left alone. My second glance had assured me that my fear and sadness had been an idle and foolish dream. Neither sickness nor falsehood had cast their shadows upon that manly brow. Truth was in that steady, fearless gaze.

'I have fulfilled the days of my exile,' said he, 'and come to claim my reward ;' and there was evidently no fear that the reward would be denied him. Not with hope, but with certainty he spoke ; and so soothingly did the accents fall upon my heart, that fear for a moment forgot her supremacy, and hope beamed in my eye.

It was a bright summer morning, as I said, though the last ; and we adjourned to the bower — that little bower, where girlish fancy first fluttered its spotless wings, where they had been many times folded, and where it was now meet they should spread and bear me to a brighter land. I could not fear when sitting by his side ; I could not help being happy : yet I told him it would not surprise me if the promise were not kept even now.

'Not kept !' he exclaimed : 'No man would think of violating a solemn promise : it is impossible.'

'I cannot tell: all is not clear and bright. But perhaps it is the darkness of the past casting its shadow upon the future. Happiness! no, it is not for me.'

'Ah! you must not indulge in these bitter thoughts. You shall — yes, *we* will yet be happy.'

And though the presentiment remained, I did not again allude to it; and we spent the hours in talking of the happy future, as we hoped to make it for ourselves. It was no Eden or Utopia in which we placed ourselves; and we did not talk of vine-trellised cottages or of bliss unalloyed. Yet it was a bright and happy future, the star of which was love; and when this shines steadily, though there are thorns beneath and clouds above, it is not all darkness.

When alone again, every ray of brightness vanished. I could not again pass through the terrible ordeal of asking to be denied, of imploring to be repulsed. I had not strength for another such trial.

Aunt Ida entered my room and found me with my head buried upon my hands, weeping bitterly. There was no one else to listen, and I must speak, so I told her all, and then was weak enough to follow her well-meant but injudicious counsel. She knew my father, she said, (alas! how little she knew him,) and his cold, stern ways, and he was not unlike many other fathers, who will not manifest the interest they feel in a daughter's happiness, lest they should seem weak and womanish, and so shrouded themselves in a cold indifference which is far from genuine. She was quite sure that now, I should have perfect freedom to do as I pleased, and begged me not to throw away, by a hasty and ungenerous resolution, a prize which a whole life-time might never again offer to me.

The next mail brought me a letter, which strengthened the purpose the good lady had half-formed; and one less resolute might have been excused for yielding to its earnest appeal.

'I have seen you,' it said, 'once more. I have seen you; and now it is impossible for a moment to indulge the thought of giving you up. Banished! Never. It cannot, must not be. How wildly my heart throbbled in its ecstacy, though you only saw me very calm as I sat by your side in the little bower. Unworthy indeed I feel of the treasure I covet, but it must be mine. For the first time I felt that my love was all returned; for the first time my lips were permitted to touch your cheek, my fingers to twine among your curls. Oh! the thrill it sent through my nerves. . . .

'Write and tell there is no more doubt; that I may come to claim you openly.'

So again I resolved to supplicate for mercy. I had gained the statistical knowledge to prove that I should be in no danger of starvation: the arithmetical proofs were furnished me that Mr. D — could navigate successfully over the shoals and quicksands of the sea of life; and I had learned that he was on the right side in politics: and very well I knew that if he were a guest under any other circumstances than as the suitor for his daughter's hand, my father would have liked him: he would have been a man after his own heart.

I sat down and thought: He is my father. To whom should I open

my heart but to him? There is none other in all the world so near to me. To him I owe obedience, and he should be the recipient of my confidence. Alas! that what is duty should be so far from pleasant. Why this estrangement — this terrible barrier between us? Can it be my fault? I will try once more to break it down. He must remember the days of his youth. I have heard that he loved my mother truly: he cannot look upon it as sin and folly in a youthful heart to love. I will frankly tell him that my happiness for life is involved. He will relent and grant my prayer. Then with a lighter heart I took my pen, and in the fulness of my confidence, wrote: and when I had finished, felt sure that the affectionate appeals must melt a heart of stone.

Now there was nothing but to patiently wait; but we who were enduring this suspense and uncertainty solaced ourselves with one stealthy meeting. I had written, and appointed Tuesday for this purpose, as on that day a political caucus would call my father from home, and there would be no danger of an unpleasant interruption.

What an interest I took, for once, in a political caucus! Dinner was ready before the time, and every assistance in my power was rendered to facilitate the early departure of all who were zealous for their country's welfare. And I thought, as I ministered to the wants of him whose face I studied as if life and death were written there, that I saw upon it a more kindly gleam; and ready, like the drowning man, to catch at straws, I felt a relief as if a burden had been taken from my spirit.

This time, as I seated myself by the window to watch and wait, my manners took their tone from the buoyant spirit, and a smile shed its genial influence upon him who had scarcely seen me smile before. For a few hours, doubts were thrown to the winds, and we scarcely thought of the conditions upon which depended the fulfilment of our plans. 'The course of true love never does run smooth;' but surely ours had long enough gone zig-zag to flow now without a ripple!

We selected our house upon a green hill-side in that same town of Winston, and furnished our home. The week, the day, the hour, was appointed on which our long penance was to end; all the arrangements made for cards and friends and journeyings; and we revelled no longer in dreams, but in realities, and took possession of our life-home. Now, for the first time, we called ourselves engaged, and sealed the troth-plight as troth-plights always are or should be, and felt secure.

The angry tones of politicians without, warned us that our gentle whisperings must cease. One moment of silent, of unspeakable happiness, and he was gone. How should I have endured the thought if I had known it was for ever?

For a little while only, I was sustained by the strength of what seemed to me a certain and happy future — there is no strength like that which happiness gives — and then fell prostrate under the certainty of misery — nothing so drinks up the life-blood as heart-woe.

One week after another passed away, and still no answer came to my appeal. It was enough. I needed no words to assure me that darker clouds were gathering, and a fiercer storm was preparing to overwhelm me.

It would not be well to transcribe the bitter murmurings which fell from my lips : the anguish of my spirit became like the resistless current of the Mælstrom, into which I felt I was slowly but surely floating. I struggled, but in vain. Every nerve was strained for endurance, every moment was a prayer for resignation ; but alas ! though the spirit may bear up, the body knows nothing of resignation. Through the darkness there came not a single straggling beam of light. For what had I thus poured out my heart ? Why had I laid down the purest, holiest affections to be again mercilessly trampled under foot ?

Like a withered reed, like a blighted flower, like a waning shadow I moved about, till at last I was summoned to receive the blow that was to stun me, and kindly render me unconscious, for a little season, to mental suffering.

It was the twilight of a cold autumn-day. Gray, heavy clouds were lowering upon the mountain-tops, and the wind did not whistle or moan among the half-leaffless trees, but seemed to be slumbering with a sleep more terrible than its fierce awakening. There was not a sound of life : all without was dead and cheerless, and within, like walking among the damps of mouldering tombs.

There was a fire in my little stove, but it had no warmth, and no taper had been lighted to deepen the shadows upon the walls. I had ceased to weep : the fountain of tears was dried up : like a draped statue I sat, with the shawl drawn close about me, and my head resting upon my hand, supported by the same little table on which it had been bowed so often in weariness and woe, when the door opened ; and instead of the kind old lady or the little girl to inquire for my evening wants, my father entered. I aroused myself, for I knew now I must listen, but I did not open the way by query or comment.

He did not begin by referring to the solemn promise he had made, and give a reason for disregarding it, but by wondering how I could again call upon him to speak upon this subject. I well knew his aversion to the man I was professing to love. What nonsense to talk of love, as if there was not another as good, enough more a great deal better.

‘But why,’ I ventured to say, ‘do you object to him ? I cannot imagine what there should be which a man should consider a barrier to his pretensions.’

But he only answered that he did not wish to be called upon to state objections : I knew his will, which was sufficient. I could act in opposition to it if I chose, but I should reap the consequences.

I knew too well the consequences to think of braving them, and had no strength to sustain me in walking through burning sand or a fiery furnace.

He was often interrupted by my sobs and wails of anguish, which hardened instead of softening his spirit. On my knees I begged him to take back those words that breathed revenge, to recall what fell upon my ear like a curse, and burnt into my heart. ‘Will you not speak one word of kindness : will you not remember the feelings of your youth ? Oh ! will you not remember my motherless childhood — have compassion upon my desolate life and orphan spirit ? Will you not say I shall

be forgiven if I, in the way which seems to me right, seek my happiness ?' and I clung to his knees, and bathed his hands with the scalding tears, as I clasped them to my bosom. But coldly he cast me from him, and left me stretched lifeless upon the floor. It was the slow and cruel torture compared with which murder would have been merciful, oh ! how merciful !

When I awoke, the moon-beams were struggling through the thick branches which shaded the window, bathing with their pale, cold, light the cheeks still wet with tears, and the hair which fell in dishevelled masses upon the floor. I was chilled, and could scarcely drag myself across the floor, but succeeded in finding something in which to wrap myself, and sank again into a heavy slumber, from which I awoke with a scream, wondering if day would never dawn, and then followed a disturbed and dreamy sleep, in which I was upon the verge of frightful precipices or trembling before yawning gulfs, or the fangs of monstrous serpents were fastened in my vitals, while I was writhing in their slimy folds.

What the day revealed to others I knew not. When consciousness returned, many weeks had passed, which brought only the indistinct recollection of having been cast into some horrible pit, where I groped in darkness among rocks or sank in miry sloughs, treading upon vipers whose hisses were continually in my ears. My hair seemed changed to snakes, which were dangling about my neck and temples, with their fiery eyes and forked tongues glaring before me.

Then came the scarcely less painful remembrance of the reality, from which there was no recovery, no escape. But there came with it new views of life, of duty, of immortality, and with these, new strength. The soul awoke from its lethargy, and was clothed with a new righteousness, which emancipated it from servility, and prepared it not only for endurance but for action.

I recovered ; that is, I walked about, and visited and talked, and assumed a gayety I had never before known ; but henceforth there was a blight upon the spirit, for which life had no remedy. I could hide it, but it never ceased to corrode.

In some way the knowledge of my illness reached him who departed so blithe of heart ; and many weeks after my recovery there came a letter telling me how he ventured into my father's presence, and begged to see me, promising that it should be the last time : he would not speak, he never would write again, might he only be permitted to look upon my face once more. But the boon was denied ; and ere he reached his home, a burning fever prostrated him ; and for many weeks he was hovering between life and death. ' Now,' he said, ' I will bid you farewell for ever. To you I could kneel and implore, but I cannot thus humble myself to a man ; and, conscious as I am of my unworthiness to possess the treasure I covet, I cannot understand the objections a man can make to my pretensions. Farewell. To continue our acquaintance is only torture to yourself and me. We will be strangers henceforth, though in the thought there is a sting sharper than any death-pang. What is in the future I cannot tell. I may marry. I do not believe in living alone. I can never love another as I have loved

you. God grant I never may : but I may love another well enough to be happy—happier than in utter desolation. Farewell ; farewell.'

To this I made no reply. I had not strength ; and it was useless. In another year I heard he was married to one whom I had seen, and knew to be good and beautiful. He was happy : for myself—no matter !

T H E E A G L E ' S N E S T .

I.

I KNEW an eyrie in a mountain-pass,
Where a bald eagle had her great nest built,
Built it of twigs and soft and mossy grass,
And with a progeny of eaglets filled.
Here came she hourly to feed her young,
Till they were grown quite large enough to fly,
Spreading their wings, now long and wide and strong,
Hailing her coming with their quick, shrill cry.

II.

I found this eyrie when the young were grown
Full big and strong, and watched the parent bird,
And noticed each time when she settled down,
The little eaglets felt their warm nest stirred :
She rising thence to take her upward flight,
A stick or tuft to her sharp talons clung,
The nest was broken, and to my keen sight
No nest remained, to hold her now grown young.

III.

I marvelled much, nor knew why this was done,
But watched the mother : she returned, and then
She strove to teach them how to fly alone,
And seek subsistence in the vale and glen :
Now pushing one from off the rocky crag,
Its wings in fear the eaglet moving, flew,
But soon in falling screamed : its young wings flag,
And, downward rushing, near the rocks it drew.

IV.

The mother heard the quick, discordant shriek,
And, spreading wings, dashed downward like the light :
Now hovering, caught her young with harmless beak,
And bore it upward in her airy flight :
Released again, the eaglet in amaze,
Renewed in strength, each spreading pinion tries,
While, lest it fall, the mother round it plays,
And cheers it on until at length—it flies !

BALEN.

New-York, May 9th, 1856.

T O S P R I N G .

SPRING, thou hast loveliest hues:
Thy robes are dyed in varied tints of green:
At early dawn on opening buds are seen
Thy soft, refreshing dews.

Thou wak'st with gentle hand
The sleeping flowers from their long repose;
And one by one, their leaves thou dost unclothe
To be by soft winds fanned.

Thou bearest on thy wings
The summer-breezes we have missed so long;
Their whispering echoes join thy waking song:
The air with music rings.

The forest-warblers wake
To chant thy praises from their wood-land nest:
Each tiny birdling trims anew his crest,
Welcome for thee to make.

Thine efforts are not vain:
Thy foot-steps track the frozen river's gleam:
Waked by thy breath of love, each icy stream
Has burst its prison-chain.

Ever, sweet Spring, to me
Thou'rt dearer than my feeble words can tell;
And to thy praise my harp its notes would swell,
Imperfect though they be.

Thine hours are doubly blest;
For in the mansions of our home above,
Spring-time shall reign for ever; crowned with love
And everlasting rest.

Fain would my heart be led
To place within thy wreath my single flower;
But its frail leaves would wither in an hour,
Its perfume soon be dead.

Enough if thou dost own
The tender plant that grows from day to day;
Until beneath the genial suns of May,
Its buds are fully blown.

Upon each blossom shed
The joyous coloring of early youth;
And let the dew of innocence and truth
Endure, when morn is fled.

That so, when Spring is past,
And summer-flowers in autumn fade and die,
An inward strength may all its roots supply
Through winter-storms to last.

Charleston, (S. C.)

MAY

T H Y S O U L .

Thy soul is linked by slender chains
 Unto the bondage of our years :
 Within the prison of thy life
 The angel in a dream appears,
 And bids thee rise and home return :
 Home to the far and cloudless skies,
 Where Sorrow droops no sable veil,
 Nor captive Love in anguish dies.

This wide-spread earth is unto thee
 A guarded court and darkened cell,
 Yet in its dreary spaces are
 The waters of the mystic well,
 Which cleanse the garments of thy soul,
 Until in white-robed calm it stands,
 Waiting until the iron gates
 Are opened by thy FATHER's hands.

WALTER M. LINDSAY

N E W - Y O R K A R T I S T S .

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

READER, did you ever spring into an omnibus at the head of Wall-street, with a resolution to seek a more humanizing element of life than the hard struggle for pecuniary triumphs? Did you ever come out of a Fifth-Avenue palace, your eyes wearied by a glare of bright and varied colors, your mind oppressed with a night-mare of upholstery, and your conscience reproachful on account of an hour's idle gossip? Did you ever walk up Broadway, soon after meridian, and look into the stony, haggard, or frivolous countenances of the throng, listen to the shouts of omnibus-drivers, mark the gaudy silks of bankrupts' wives, and lose yourself the while in a retrospective dream of country-life, or a sojourn in an old deserted city of Europe? A reaction such as this is certain, at times, to occur in the mood of the dweller in this kaleidoscope of New-York; and as it is usually induced by an interval of leisure, we deem it a kindly hint to suggest where an antidote may be found for the bane, and how the imagination may be lured, at once, into a new sphere, and the heart refreshed by a less artificial and turbid phase of this mundane existence. Go and see the artists. They are scattered all over the metropolis: sometimes to be found in a lofty attic, at others in a hotel; here over a shop, there in a back-parlor; now in the old Dispensary, and again in the new University: isolated or in small groups, they live in their own fashion, not a few practising rigid

and ingenious economies, others nightly in *elite* circles or at sumptuous dinners; some genially cradled in a domestic nest, and others philosophically forlorn in bachelor solitude. But wherever found, there is a certain atmosphere of content, of independence, and of originality in their domiciles. I confess that the ease, the frankness, the sense of humor and of beauty I often discover in these artistic nooks, puts me quite out of conceit of the prescriptive formalities of Upper-Tendom. Our systematic and prosaic life ignores, indeed, scenes like these; but the true artist is essentially the same everywhere — a child of nature, to whom 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;' and therefore a visit to the New-York studios cannot fail to be suggestive and pleasing, if we only go thither, not in a critical, but in a sympathetic mood.

Many of our cherished artists — Allston, Greenough, and Cole, are no more: many, like Doughty, have in a great measure retired from public view, and not a few are abroad. Powers is at Florence, executing his unrivalled busts: Crawford is at Rome at work on the Virginia monument, the horse for which was cast not long ago at Munich, and won enthusiastic admiration: while the statues of Patrick Henry and of Jefferson, already at Richmond, are acknowledged masterpieces: the Beethoven, too, now in Boston, proved a complete triumph: Paige, called the modern Titian, is deemed there the greatest of portrait-painters; Chapman, his neighbor, is etching Roman peasants in a manner no one can excel: Freeman, near by, is studiously evolving a masterly work, and Thompson has made the most perfect copy of the Beatrice seen for years; while Ives models better than ever, and Miss Lander handles the clay and modelling stick with progressive aptitude and high promise.

One of the most familiar faces among our Roman artist-friends may be seen triennially in our own busy thoroughfares, and not seldom at an evening party 'up-town.' Terry seems to have preserved intact his native ways amid the vagaries of Italian life: the same kindly, sensible fellow as if he had never thrown *bon bons* at the Carnival or joined in the chorus at a pic-nic at Ostia. He was ever an attentive cicerone to his countrymen, and especially, country-women; and now that he has reëstablished himself in a handsome studio of the Eternal City, very comfortable are his artistic receptions, where rides to the Appian Way, a party to witness the illumination of St. Peter's, or join in a ball at Torlonia's, are talked over by fair visitors to their hearts' content. Weir is at West-Point, every now and then sending to Williams and Stevens, a domestic or religious picture marked by a Flemish exactitude of detail, a fine disposition of light and shade, or an attractive tone of feeling. Morse has put his artist fire into a locomotive shape, and writes with electric fluid instead of painting in oil. His last picture hangs in the drawing-room of 'Locust-Grove,' his beautiful domain on the Hudson; and while it testifies too much skill and feeling for the lover of art not to regret his withdrawal from the field, it also symbolizes the domestic enjoyment, which with science and a great public economy, now more than fills the deserted sphere of his youth: it is an admirable full-length portrait of his daughter. Leutze is busy upon American historical subjects, at Dusseldorf; and his grand

picture of 'Washington crossing the Delaware' keeps his memory green in the hearts of his countrymen, through the widely-distributed engraved copies. Mount is at his home on Long-Island, but doubtless will have ready one of his inimitable reflections of humble or humorous life for the next exhibition. Rossiter* has been at work on a large scriptural picture at Paris; and Pearse Cranch is there engaged on landscapes, occasionally weaving a poem for the *Crayon*, or his friend Dwight's *Musical Journal*. Hunt's peculiar talent, so long the delight of his friends at the French capital, will, it is hoped, derive new inspiration from his bride. May varies his studies here by occasional trips to England; where he turns the more lucrative branch of portrait to good account. H. K. Brown, whose studio is in Brooklyn, L. I., has been for many months absorbed in his Washington statue. G. L. Brown was last heard of at Lake Albano, gathering materials for an elaborate Italian composition: and Ingham reappears occasionally in his pristine fame, to the admirers of high and dainty finish, in the shape of his lovely 'Flower-Girl.' Duganne, though lately interrupted by illness, draws, writes, and teaches as indefatigably and efficiently as ever. Cheney goes about making his matchless crayon-heads — a branch of portraiture more and more in vogue, and one in which Miss Stebbins,† Darley, and Collyer have gained of late some enviable laurels. Baker's excellent portraits are in constant demand, and Cole's beautiful legacy, the 'Voyage of Life,' has just been engraved in the best style. But space will not allow us thus to expatiate upon all the individuals who honor and illustrate artist-life among us, and, for the present, we must glance in at a few of the New-York studios, and renew our subject when more scope is allowed for a theme so broad and delectable.

My visit to the President of the Academy was repaid by an agreeable surprise. I found in his studio, beside the familiar trophies of his progressive career, two new and original pictures embodying phases of nature such as he has never before so distinctly put upon canvas, and the masterly execution of which attests the steady advance inevitable with such principles of art as guide the pencil of Durand. One of these was a group of forest-trees, standing in their native individuality, and unassisted by any of those devices which are usually introduced to set off so exclusive a theme. Only the great skill and truth of their execution would atone for the paucity of objects in such a landscape. Yet so characteristic is each tree, so natural the bark and foliage, so graphic the combination and foreground, that the senses and the mind are filled and satisfied with this purely sylvan landscape. Mark the spreading boughs of that black birch, the gnarled trunk of this oak, the tufts on yonder pine, the drooping sprays of this hemlock, and the relief of the dead tree — is it not exactly such a woodland nook as you have often observed in a tramp through the woods? Not a leaf or flower on the ground, not an opening in the umbrageous canopy, not a mouldering stump beside the pool, but looks like an old friend: it is a fragment of the most peculiar garniture that decks the uncleared land of this continent. In an English gallery it would proclaim America. How Evelyn, Michaux, Audubon, or Bryant would hail it with loving

* Just returned under most afflicting circumstances.

† Sailed for Europe in May.

eyes ! Its unexaggerated, simple, yet profoundly true expression, shows how the genuine artist can effect wonders without adventitious means. In another painter's hands it would prove but a sketch ; in Durand's it becomes a landscape ; and one of the most fresh and vigorous he has ever made. Not less remarkable, although in a diverse way, is that view of mountains and a lake during or just before a thunder-storm. The deep shadow that is cast by the black cloud, while it falls opaquely over a portion of the scene, is diversified by a faint, tremulous light in the lap of the hills, while farther off hangs a bluish mist — the effect of partial sunshine and a patch or two of blue sky : many a time have we witnessed such a magical result of dense, over-hanging vapor suddenly casting a pall over the Hudson, on a bright summer day : the transient character of the elemental phenomena renders their successful transfer to canvas more impressive : we seem to behold the change itself instead of a moment of its process : the details of the landscape are faithful, and the transition wrought by the gust is at the same time caught and fixed. In these pictures two of the most difficult points in landscape painting are accomplished ; the trees look real, and the *chiaro oscuro* of nature is reflected : the evanescent is staid by the limner ; a rare observation and a poetic sense have ravished from the picturesque its most effective traits. A work of singularly pleasant associations as well as of characteristic beauty has just received the final touches of this artist's pencil. Two or more years since, an English gentleman, Mr. Graham, left the sum of five thousand dollars to establish a school of design in Brooklyn, (L. I.) A part of the interest, it was provided, should be expended annually for the purchase of a picture by an American artist, and thus a gallery instituted. Mr. Durand was applied to, and, in order to recognize this admirable precedent for the improvement of local taste and the encouragement of native art, he cheerfully agreed to execute a large work for the Association, at a price merely nominal in comparison with the usual remuneration and actual market-value of his landscapes. His sympathy with the object is manifest in the elaborate care and graceful feeling exhibited in this beautiful scene. In the back-ground rise mountains, whose American character is evident both in the shape of their summits and the tints that clothe the most distant in blue mist, and the nearer in clear day-beams falling on umbrageous declivities : a stream brawls in the fore-ground, and, amid the rough timbers of a clearing, is a settler's log-hut approached by a rude path, near which runs one of those primitive boundaries called a snake-fence : between the woods and the domicile a large field of ripe grain lifts its mellow and waving tufts to the sun-shine, and, at its edge, stands the gleaner about to swing his sickle through the golden ranks. The details of the picture are worthy of its genial conception ; bark, moss, stone, leaf, spire of herbage and hue of cloud, wear a genuine look ; the ridges of the hills recal the White Mountains ; the trees are indisputably those of an American forest, and over all broods the modified glow of the ripened summer. This landscape rejoices in the felicitous name of 'The First Harvest,' applicable both to the scene itself and the circumstance that it initiates the national collection of a

judicious benefactor of art, whose name the painter has gratefully inscribed on one of the rocks in the fore-ground.

Of all our young painters, Huntington gave the most emphatic promise of that religious sentiment which embalms the names of the old Italian masters. His 'Dream of Mercy' breathed the holy effluence that so instantly excites veneration and tenderness. He has paid a visit to England recently, and made some fine portraits of church dignitaries; and, since his return, having been mainly occupied with likenesses which are claimed as soon as finished, his studio contains, at present, but few specimens of art. I was, however, delighted with four noble studies which he made in Paris, with a view to his picture of 'The Good Samaritan': this painting awaits the completion of the private gallery which it is destined to adorn, and, in its absence, it is interesting to examine these studies. They consist of two male and two female heads: the originals are rare models, worthy a painter's devoted attention; and Huntington seems to have transferred them to canvas not only *con amore*, but with the most elaborate fidelity. Such relief, strength, expression, and color could only result from vigorous and earnest limning: seldom do we see four more effective and individual heads; there is the greatest degree of artistic significance in the details and general effect; they show that Huntington's powers have vast latent force, and that he is capable of greater things than he has yet achieved; only will and inspiration are needed by a man who can so command the elements of art, to realize the highest conceptions. Bishop McIlvaine's portrait is a fine work: it has great reality and an excellent tone.

Now let us step into the room of a young Italian who has but lately set up his easel in New-York. He is from the most prosperous and liberal of the continental states, a Sardinian. He has studied painting in the gallery of Turin. Whoever has visited that collection will remember it by the glorious Murillo it boasts — representing Homer with sealed eyes and a laurel crown — one of the most truthful and characteristic works of the gifted Spaniard. Signor Angero excels in cabinet portraits; several excellent ones of well-known residents among us, attest the fidelity of his pencil. His flesh-tints are very good; and some of his studies from the old masters, suggest great insight. His style is likely to be popular; and may success attend the intelligent young artist who has come to test his fortune among us.

In contrast with this mercurial son of the South, let us turn to a young Dane whose pale and earnest face has affinity with his ideal countryman whom Shakspeare has immortalized. Wenzler is as devoted a student of art as is to be found in this metropolis. His standard is high, his zeal unremitted. In spirit he is kindred with the most self-devoted of his profession. No one has painted more exquisite miniatures, with such lovely flesh-tints, such fine drawing, and delicate color. They remind us of the *chef d'œuvres* of that branch of art, hoarded in the caskets of beauty and worn on the bosom of affection. His last triumph in a department of art where mediocrity is so common and the highest success rare, is a portrait of the highly-endowed and deeply-lamented son of our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Francis; although

dependent on a daguerreotype and his affectionate memory alone, so perfect in expression, so life-like in lineament, so characteristic to the minutest detail, is this beautiful work, that we feel, as we examine it, that love inspired what genius conceived, and thus re-produced the living image so endeared, to console hearts otherwise indeed bereft of all but the memory of his nobleness and his worth. The oil portraits of this artist have won great admiration for the extreme reality of their details and for their excellent drawing: in tone and hue they have been more experimental, and therefore less satisfactory; but in landscape, two or three specimens have borne evidence of deep study and remarkable truth of effect: they have arrested the eye, when exhibited, and excited high anticipations of his future career. Wenzler's characteristic as a votary of art, is earnestness; and he has seized, with great tenacity and precision, certain elements of painting. It is needless to add that such a spirit and attainment render him an object of peculiar interest, as destined to work out and realize a true ideal. The variety and faithfulness of Kensett's* studies of landscape may be learned at once by the sketches on the walls of his room. The traveller recognizes localities at a glance. One of the marked excellencies of this artist is the truth and definite character of his outline: accordingly we behold a fragment of the Appenine range, an Alpine peak, and the more rounded swell of American mountains, in these artistic data for elaborate works. Careful observation is the source of Kensett's eminent success. He gives the form and superficial traits of land and water so exactly as to stamp on the most hasty sketch a local character indicative of similitude. His landscapes would charm even a man of science, so loyal to natural peculiarities is his touch and eye. Equally felicitous in the transfer of atmospheric effects to canvas, and with a genius for composition, scenery is illustrated by his fertile and well-disciplined pencil with rare correctness and beauty. In rocks he is especially effective. Every material that goes to the formation of a landscape he appears to have carefully studied. We retrace, at ease, our summer wanderings, in his studio: there are the 'Hanging-Rocks' which bound good Bishop Berkeley's old Rhode-Island domain; here a bluff we beheld on the Upper Mississippi; and opposite, an angle in the gorge at Trenton where we watched the amber flash of the cascade. How finely is reflected the morning and afternoon light of early autumn in America, in these two charming pictures; there is Lake George itself; the islands, the shore, the lucid water; how native is the hue of yon umbrageous notch; and what Flemish truth in the grain of that trap-rock; how rich the contrast between the glow of summer and the colorless snow on the summit of the Jungfrau. The trees in this more finished piece, are daguerreotyped from a wood, with the fresh tint of the originals superadded. Any one who desires to carry to Europe a reliable American landscape should bespeak a picture from Kensett. If we may judge from the sketch, the view of Niagara for which Lord Ellesmere lately gave him a commission, will prove not only a satisfactory work, as conveying a just impression of the wondrous scene, but an honor to American art.

* Embarks for England this month, to sketch among the Lakes of Cumberland.

Opposite Grace Church is the studio of the Chevalier Fagnani, a Neapolitan artist who came to this country, if we mistake not, with Sir Henry Bulwer, by whom he is highly esteemed. We have seen various specimens of this accomplished painter's talent — fine original composition drawings, remarkable studies of the head and figure, etc. ; but his great versatility of style and unusual success in characterization, have caused his time to be almost exclusively occupied in portraiture. When the subject is favorable, he gives a peculiar charm and interest to his likenesses ; we recal, especially, two or three of his female heads in which the air, coloring, and general effect have been, in the highest degree, refined and artistic. Beside masterly portraits in oil, Fagnani makes admirable crayon pictures. Among his latest elaborate portraits is a composition, his own beautiful family grouped in most natural attitude, around a tuft of pond-lilies, on the edge of a stream : he has also recently finished a speaking likeness of President King, of Columbia College. He excels in children, seizing on their graceful outlines and glowing or delicate tints. He also excels in portraits, many of them of cabinet size, executed in colored pastels, in a way peculiar to himself : the finish, expression, and beauty of these works have made them so popular that the artist's time is quite absorbed.

There is, as usual, on Elliott's easel, a strong, richly-colored head in the process of completion : how true the lines, how effective the relief and contour, and with what nature the white hair rests upon the florid temple ! There is not such a vigorous pencil among our limners ; when an old man whose face is ploughed with the thought and cares of an adventurous life, and yet alive with the latent fires and marked with the strong will of robust maturity, sits to Elliott, the portrait becomes not only a noble likeness, but a grand study of character and of color. Laing has recently painted a beautiful full-length of a lady ; he has a ready melo-dramatic talent, and his work is radiant with an enjoyable spirit. His studio exhibits a crowd of lovely children. Gignoux could almost allure a snow-bunting from the sky with his truthful winter-landscapes. His imitative skill in detail is marvellous ; and he has just sent to its fortunate owner an autumnal landscape that resembles a large daguerreotype caught and tinted in an American wild in the deepest flush of October. Richard M. Staigg is here in the winter season, to finish his roll of commissions begun in summer at Newport, his permanent home. His miniatures are in constant demand ; he often succeeds in obtaining the best effects of oil-painting in these exquisite works ; and is more uniformly successful in his likenesses on ivory than any votary of that delicate art. As a colorist, too, there is truth and freshness in his miniatures ; those of Webster and Everett, engraved by Cheney, are the finest specimens of the kind yet achieved in this country ; and Staigg has done artistic justice to some of the loveliest of American women.

We contemplate with peculiar interest the results of Church's recent visit to South-America ; although his stay was brief, such is the thorough New-England industry and quickness of this popular artist, that he seized upon more hints for landscapes, and brought away a greater number of traits of scenery than a less spirited observer would acquire

in a year. Some of these he has transferred and others is now transferring to canvas : one especially proved a novelty : it is the view of an extensive water-fall ; the tropical vegetation, the long distance occupied by the broken cataract, and the singular formation and quality of the hills, make this landscape, in the literal style of Church, a very suggestive and remarkable picture. He has dealt with South-American cascades as faithfully as with the flushed horizon of his native country, and we find a new mine of the picturesque opened by his graphic hand. Seldom has a more grand effect of light been depicted than the magnificent sun-shine on the mountains of a tropical clime, from his radiant pencil. It literally floods the canvas with celestial fire, and beams with glory like a sublime psalm of light. A butter-fly impaled under a glass in Church's studio actually scintillates azure ; and when visitors question the authenticity of his brilliant tropical hues, he points them to this insect witness of nature's radiant tones in those latitudes. There is a resolute, progressive, and apt spirit in Church which gives a living interest to his landscapes, and fills the spectator with a sense of his rare promise in art. Edwin White has lately returned from Europe, and opened a studio in the New-York University, with ample proofs of careful studies ; his pictures, however, have been distributed among their owners, and but a few remain in his studio : he has in hand a subject certain to be popular among the descendants of the Pilgrims, ' The Signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower.' To the traveller, however, who cherishes Italian memories, there is more of the poetry of life in his ' Beggar-Child,' who looks as if he had just stepped out from an angle of the Piazza d'Espagna or the shadow of Trajan's Column, so much of the physiognomy and the magnetism of the clime are incarnated in form, complexion, attitude, eye, and expression. Equally suggestive is the *Pifferini*, two of those picturesque figures that swarm in Rome at Christmas-time, and are indissolubly associated with her fêtes, ruins, and shrines ; the elder leans against a church-wall, on which the half-obliterated ecclesiastical placard looks marvellously familiar ; his peaked and broad-brimmed hat set on his head in a way inimitable for its effect of shadow and grace, his luxuriant beard, velvet jerkin, effective attitude and meditative gaze, are precisely true to fact ; at his side nestles a boy whose long tresses and large, pensive eyes, whose olive cheek and angelic smile remain indelibly stamped on the memory of all recent visitors to the Eternal City. We recognize in this beautiful urchin one of the ' things of beauty,' which the English poet, who died in Rome, has told us so truly ' is a joy for ever ; ' the pilgrim's instrument is at his feet. How come back to the heart, as we gaze, the dreaminess, the calm, the sunny lapse in life's struggle in which it was our privilege to revel, and is now our delight to remember, as the most peaceful and brilliant episode of our days of foreign travel ! These two figures, caught from the passive life of old Rome, typify it completely to the imagination, and touch the key-note of an ended song.

Here we are in the room of a representative of the English school, (only to find him packing up for a migration to his kindred's home in the South-west,) an artist who painted Byron in Italy, and won the

heart of Sam Rogers by his picture of Annette — the poor girl who watched in vain for her lover in Irving's sad and graceful story. It was at the epoch when that author was the favored guest in London ; and we cannot wonder that, with such reminiscences, West* should cling to the subjects and the style then prevalent in England. He is loyal to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and elaborates composition portraits with the most patient care and tasteful study. An 'Angel-Child' is very expressive and delicately treated : 'Judith' is a gorgeous and effective piece of coloring and dramatic action ; and several portraits, with beautiful costumes and accessories, attest the refined taste of the artist, and the number of lovely young friends who have sat and listened to his charming reminiscences while he, with glad patience, delineated their charms.

I found a 'Winter-Scene' on Cropsey's† easel of both artistic and historical interest. A picturesque, shelvy mountain impends over a dell in the Ramapo valley ; two or three cottages with snow-crowned roofs are grouped in lonely brotherhood ; the white drifts on the shaggy and precipitous side of the cliff, the wintry sky, the unsullied expanse of the fore-ground, where a woman is crossing with a pail, a boy loitering with his sled, and a load of wood stands ready to be piled away, unite to form a landscape at once indicative of the season and the country : the tint of the frozen pool and the hue of the atmosphere are given with much truth to nature. In this vicinity Washington made his head-quarters during the fearful episode of our revolutionary struggle identified with Valley Forge : and from the summit of this abrupt and lofty mountain, he often gazed toward New-York, thirty miles distant, visible on a clear day. With how many months of weary and intensely anxious vigil is that bleak and isolated observatory associated ; and how vividly the terrible ordeal through which the scanty and famished army passed, reappears to the mind while contemplating the scene in all its wintry desolation ! An entire contrast is afforded by a view of Greenwood Lake. I knew it belonged to New-Jersey, from the character of the rocks, familiar to all who have wandered along the Passaic. In the umbrageous glen Cropsey has passed many a dreamy hour. His summer studio is near by. Another sketch is quite characteristic of the region : it represents an inundated valley over-grown with dead trees, whose huge, spectral limbs have a melancholy fascination. There is a spirited view of a gorge in the Catskills, wild enough to charm Salvator ; a shivered tree hangs over a chasm, and down its sides of gray stone, half-hid by a thicket, a foaming cascade is dashing. Those familiar with the aspect of the Mediterranean coast, will recognize the cliffs, water, and sky of the Genoese territory in the masterly scene drawn from nature there. Cropsey intends revisiting Europe ; and amateurs are quite secure of faithful landscapes who give him liberal commissions. That large canvas is outlined with an effective picture of the Roman Forum ; every column and arch wears a grand yet familiar look, and recalls the delicious spring morning when I watched the snail-like excavators with their children's bar-

* RECENTLY gone to Tennessee, where his family reside.

† Sailed for Europe in May, with many commissions.

rows and indolent motion, and the solemn nights when the moon glistered on architrave and frieze, and memory conjured back a triumphal procession or a Ciceronian discourse. But here is something nearer home : a beach with granite ledges and a high cliff— a seaward perspective and the green billows fringed with those majestic, graceful, half-transparent, and fair figures watching the beautiful scene ; that curve of the shore, the mould of that rock, the outline of the cliff, are easily recognized : it is the favorite trysting-place of lovers, the delight of children on their afternoon walk, the goal of the Sunday-evening promenade at Newport — the shore below the 'Forty Steps.' How many will gaze on this bit of coast-scenery with emotion. More than one poet has sat there in reverie ; more than one flirt been awed into momentary earnestness by the limitless expanse of wave and sky thence stretching before her fickle eye ; and many a rosy-cheek urchin has gathered bright pebbles there and wet his little feet, while the nurse listened, forgetful of her charge, to an insinuating coach-man. The place, too, has witnessed rare sport. My friend, the pastor, Isaac Walton, Jr., has landed on the slippery ledge many a giant tautog, and a less clerical fisherman grown profane as he jerked his broken hook from the clinging kelp, or waded through the advancing tide to dry land, with nothing but bait in his basket. I wonder not that the humorist who used to wake laughing echoes here with his bon-mots, set Cropsey to work in order to have the beach and its environment reflected by his truthful pencil. Magical in more than a professional sense is the scenic limner. During this half-hour in Cropsey's studio. I have been lured to Rome, to the Catskills and the Passaic, to the Ramapo Valley and to Newport ; and each locality, beside refreshing my eye with natural beauty, has wakened fond reminiscence. Now let us knock at the opposite door, and see what Hicks* is about. With the recollection of his miraculous escape from the hecatomb of victims that perished by the railway catastrophe at Norwalk, it was delightful to find this popular artist cheerily directing the pencil of his wife, another survivor of that tragic scene. What a contrast between their tasteful occupation and quiet studio, and the remembrance of that pitiless fate which overtook so many of their companions ! Hicks is a fine colorist. Examine that head of a stolid burgher of Long-Island ; there is little in feature or expression for an artist to make effective. Yet this want is atoned for by the consummate skill with which the tints are disposed. One is reminded of Gilbert Stuart. Another point, in which success is rare, is obvious in that full-length, so well drawn and toned ; the figure stands firmly and-easily. How seldom can this be said of the portraits in the City-Hall ! Have you ever been to Trenton-Falls ? If so, you doubtless remember the landlord and his thriving family. Here they are very cleverly grouped together, one leaning against a tree, another handling his gun ; one playful, another contemplative ; and, in the back-ground, through a leafy vista, we have a glimpse of the rushing water : the likenesses are recognized at once ; the attitudes are natural and well varied ; and there is a pleasant

* Just opened a new and elegant studio near the Mercantile Library, Astor Place.

moral atmosphere and unity of effect in the whole. Some fine heads adorn the wall, all full of character and several with exquisite flesh-tints: those of Halleck and Longfellow are remarkably good. Hicks well deserves the fame and the constant and lucrative occupation he has won as a portrait-painter.

From this busy limner, whose fresh array of pictures indicates that every passing hour brings its task, let us turn to a dreamer who lives in the past, because he is too ideal to clutch at the present. Yet if ever a man had the true artist feeling, the genuine sense of beauty and poetic conscience, it is John Cranch.* I know this from many a colloquy with him while strolling along the sunny bank of the Arno, and through his acute and sympathetic comments in the Florence galleries. He used to make beautiful impromptu studies from Shakspeare. He has a keen perception of the humor and the sentiment of the poet, and could translate them daintily with pen or crayon. He is one of those artists who should live in Italy: the executive is subordinate in him to the imaginative. I found him copying a portrait: it was that of a genuine Italian woman:

‘HEART on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.’

He was doing it for the love of the thing, wishing to preserve a memorial so characteristic. I remembered an old man's head, a Tuscan painter's beard, and other gleanings from that Southern land; and there were books I knew at a glance came from a stall in the Piazza del Duomo, in Florence. There sat Cranch, intent on the fine outline of the handsome Italian, contentedly touching her great orbs of jet with light, and tinting her softly-rounded olive cheeks to a Fornarina richness: the same reserved, quiet, and genial dreamer as years ago in Italy; never satisfied with his achievements, full of sensibility to the claims and the triumphs of art, and apparently content to breathe the air made vital by its enchantments. Some of our wealthy lovers of Shakspeare should commission this artist to illustrate a scene: he would do it with zest and spirit. Several good portraits may be seen at his studio.

There is something in Gray's pictures that gives one the feeling of maturity, one of the most rare sensations of American life. A refreshing absence of the crude, the glaring, and the melo-dramatic lends a singular charm to his studio. Here is something like mastery; all is not experimental; and we feel the comfort of achievement instead of the unrest of endeavor. How clean are the outlines of his best heads and figures; no attempts at evasion, but so true and gracefully drawn as to gratify our sense of exactitude and completeness. Gray is what may be called a conservative painter: he does not sacrifice the enduring to the temporary. His subdued tints in such pleasant contrast to the gaudy hues prevalent in our streets and houses, attract the eye at once. They are mellow, and linger on the artistic sense as old wine on the palate: his *chiaro oscuro* is often exquisite; some of his portraits

* Now established at Washington, (D. C.)

have the deep clear tone, and the high finish which are the distinction of the old masters. They look as if painted to last, to become heir-looms and domestic treasures, and as if they ought to be hung against carved oak panelings, or in cabinets sacred to meditation and illumined by a tempered light. There is a sweet autumnal spell often radiated from the canvas of Gray. It may be a fanciful idea, but his most characteristic pictures affect me like his immortal namesake's verse — correct and thoughtful — and with a latent rather than a superficial charm. On his easel is a deftly-grouped study of Hagar, Ishmael, and the angel ; what a strong contrast, yet how much pure harmony in the composition. The rigid gaze and oriental face of Hagar, the aerial position and rich blonde of the heavenly visitant, the bowed form and pure tints of the drooping child ; figures, drapery, color and grouping, all betray the patient and skilful artist. A nude figure which he will turn from the wall at your bidding, is a triumph of color and form. Note, in a sympathetic mood, the little picture called 'Twilight Musings ;' how cool and sweet is the light, how graceful the loose-clad figure ; what a pensive attitude ; how the tessellated pavement, the dark-veined wood, the vase, the open window, each object induces reverie ; and how admirably is the tone of the whole in accordance with the reflective enjoyment that steals from the lovely countenance of the musing girl ! The London critics appreciated this picture. The 'Peace and War,' though too allegorical for popular effect, has many of the excellencies of drawing and color and expression that distinguish this accomplished artist. We are not surprised that his cabinet portraits are so much sought. Many of them are gems of art, and, when associated with the features of the loved and lost, must become greatly endeared to their possessors. It is delightful to have a picture adapted by its size for boudoir or drawing-room, that combines the attraction of mellow coloring and high finish with the personal associations of a family portrait.

One is sure to find good bits of Southern scenery at the studio of Richards : a native of Carolina, he knows her live-oaks, streams, and evergreens by heart ; and has recently given excellent proof of his appreciation of nature in her most picturesque American forms, by the articles written and illustrated by him in Harper's Magazine. Lake George, the Juniata river, and Vermont mountains, have been favorite and well-studied subjects with him. He is thoroughly aware of the scenic phases of the different States of the Union, having passed many summers in sketching their respective features. He has a large number of studies, some of patches of woodland, some of forest streams, and others of the details of landscape, plants, stones, and individual trees. With this suggestive material, and his own fertile invention, Richards is constantly at work upon original compositions, some of which are quite poetical as well as correct. Here is a large canvas with the purple haze of the Indian summer ; on a cliff over-hanging a deep, broad vale, covered with variegated foliage, and a golden-tinted atmosphere, sleeps an aboriginal chief dreaming of his paradise ; which thus mystically looms to the eye from this 'shoal of time.' The most subtle and gor-

geous effects of an American autumn are given with rare beauty and impressiveness.

Ehninger's etchings illustrative of 'Dolph Heyliger,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' executed five or six years ago, showed a decided talent for expression, and an executive facility that quite warranted him in adopting the vocation of an artist. Mindful of these signs of promise, I sought the young draughtsman with an eager desire to behold what he had accomplished during the interval passed abroad. My best anticipations were more than realized. Not only has he proved a faithful student of the elements of his art, but has attained a degree of practical skill, and manifested an individuality rarely achieved in so brief a period. Wisely devoting himself to drawing under the eye of a thoroughly educated French artist, he has avoided the careless habits and incomplete discipline which so hamper and limit the success of most of our young painters. Some of Ehninger's figures are outlined and foreshortened with the correctness of an adept; one can see in them a well-drilled hand; but what is still more pleasant to recognize, he knows how to seize on the principles of expression. His forms and faces have a decided meaning; there is positive character in his pictures. Somewhat of these traits might have been confidently predicted from the merit of his early sketches. They are finely toned; he knows the value of neutral tints; and manages light and shade with a most pleasing effect. Here, for instance, is a somewhat hackneyed subject, 'The Yankee Peddler,' but there is nothing Yankee in it but the subject; a patient handling and an expressive significance are manifest; nothing crude, hasty, or extravagant. Look at the two girls examining a piece of stuff; how characteristic the faces and attitudes! See the baby stretch over its mother's shoulder (while she bargains for the coffee-mill held temptingly up by the peddler,) and strives to reach the trumpet the little brother holds to his lips: what mature and wise arrangement; mark the boy's features in the shadow of his hat, and the heads of the horses; they are full of truth and character; the general artistic effect is almost too good for a subject of this class; though very apt in their treatment, a higher range is more appropriate for the artist. There, for instance, is a gem; it is only a 'New-England Farm-Yard;' but were I exiled to the tropics or Southern Europe, this picture would symbolize my country to imagination and memory. A negro-boy is watering a horse at an old mossy trough; down the road a woman is slowly driving a cow toward the gate; in the middle of the yard are four barn-yard fowls. Such are the simple materials. Note them in detail. The boy is one of those sable anomalies found about New-England farms, that once known can hardly be forgotten: his action and face are inimitable; the horse is excellent, drawn and colored to the life, its individuality and its breed recognized at a glance; the expression of the face singularly true to nature; then the fowls, how exactly they look as we see them every summer-day from the window of our rural domicile; it is not merely that attitude, form, and plumage are given with precision, but the natural language of the birds is preserved: one is reminded of Hawthorne's graphic description of the Pyncheon fowls, only Ehninger's are less antiquated and in better condition.

How sweetly falls the afternoon's mellow light adown the vista of the adjacent road, and over the freshly-tinted fore-ground. Some of the most natural points of the Flemish school are evident. Four little studies of costume and character, French in subject, and daintily executed, suggest that the artist would excel in the sphere to which Newton and Leslie have given popularity. His forte is *genre*. A small picture on panel has a finish and expression that would charm a virtuoso. It represents a youth killed in a duel, and his greyhound regarding his body; a dusky chamber with antique appointments, a richly-dressed form stretched on the floor, a bloody rapier and a dog are the objects depicted; but the look of the animal, the dead face, the *chiaro oscuro* affect one like Mrs. Radcliffe's night-scenes, or an episode of Froissart. My eye is irresistibly attracted by a small landscape; a cart whose Gallic origin is self-evident, drawn by horses of equally obvious Norman breed, a woman seated on the top of her load, with the well-known dress of a French peasant, a man in a blouse walking beside the team, a seaward view stretching from a treeless coast, on the bank of which rises a picturesque mill, unite to form a scene that recalls my day's ride on the top of the diligence, from Havre to Rouen, when every object was novel, and I knew, for the first time, what it was to be a stranger in a foreign land. This is a perfect bit of Normandy; not an object or effect but tells the same story: a thunder-cloud, half-irradiated with sunshine, pours a rich though subdued light over the prospect. It is seldom that so many evidences of versatile ability and genuine feeling in art greet us in the studio of so young a painter; and we have lingered there only to enjoy. The class of pictures in which Ehninger excels is adapted, by the simplicity of the subjects and their size, to our drawing-rooms. The 'Needle and the Sword,' or, 'The Lady at an Embroidery Frame,' and the other, 'A Man examining a Foil,' etc., are gems in their way, and it is unjust to this artist's manifest and special genius, that he should give so much time to bank-note vignettes, excellent as they are.

It is well to consider if there be anything ridiculous in one's manner or appearance before coming within the scope of Darley's vision. If your nose is *retroussé* or pointed, your figure dumpy, or the way in which you try to be agreeable, slightly exaggerated, the quick perception and ready crayon of Darley may transform you into such a nasal individuality, such an incarnated dump, or absurd exquisite that whoever once beholds the sketch, will ever after involuntarily laugh at the sight of you even at a funeral. Lord Brougham said that the idea of his life being written by Campbell, the biographer of the Chancellors, added to the horrors of death; and the idea of being caricatured by Darley, may well add to a sensitive man's horrors of life. How many worthy individuals whom I would fain approach with respect, or at least courteous interest, has this wizard's pencil made for ever grotesque to my mind's eye! There is one who has become, to my consciousness, only a walking proboscis, whose nose I was not ever aware of until I saw it outlined by Darley; another whose real features I can never detect, because of the emphatic smirk with which the same magician has invested his face; and a third who never looks to me as if he stood on

terra firma, but appears like a galvanized dumpling bouncing on an imaginary steed ; and these transformations being based on the natural language of the parties, have just enough truth to be broadly hinted by their ordinary appearance, and thus the funny image and the real person are indissolubly mingled to the fancy. Two or three lines suffice Darley to metamorphose his fellow-creatures while he preserves their identity. I recognized instantly one of his portraits, although nothing was represented but the hind-quarters and the back of a pair of legs. It is easy to imagine the result when this facility and characteristic limning is applied to illustrate graphic verbal description. The artist not only re-produces but often transcends or satirizes the author's conception. It is no wonder that so clever and prolific a draughtsman is beset by the publishers ; his free, significant, and original sketches will give a zest to any book. He makes one realize how ironical, acute, observant, and natural it is possible to be with no instrument but a lead-pencil ; he tells a story with a dash, reveals a character by a curve, and embodies an expression with two or three dots. It is better than a comedy to look over his sketch-book ; he needs no coffee and pistols for two, but makes a palpable hit at his adversary with a pen-stroke. That is more fatal to dignity, if not to life, than a sword-thrust. It is well that with such a power to annoy, Darley has a noble spirit ; it is only those who provoke his gift that he impales, or those who are really such a reflection on humanity that they are worth preserving as specimens of nature's journeymen's work : his talent for caricature is usually elicited by an amiable contest of wit with his brother-artists, or made the legitimate medium of a deserved reproof of intolerable affectation or overwhelming conceit : he only shoots at fair game. But there is another side to Darley's mind. He holds a master's pencil, and can do justice to the most earnest and pathetic sentiment. Witness some of his elaborate compositions, his beautiful designs, his finished heads and groups ; and especially that work of true genius, the illustrations of Judd's story of Margaret. We have had nothing in this style of art, to compare with the exquisite and impressive drawings in which Darley has embodied his sense of the beauty, power, and truth of that remarkable fiction. Were the execution of the novel as classic as its material is original and profound, these illustrations, like those of Flayman, would have a world-wide celebrity.

At the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, is the studio of Samuel Lawrence, an English artist. His peculiar merit is that of seizing the essential character of an individual and giving its predominant expression in a portrait. In this regard he has few equals. Witness his head of Rogers the poet, through whose age-stricken features gleam the benign wisdom and fastidious taste that breathe from the 'Pleasures of Memory ;' or that of Carlyle, whose prominent brow and thoughtful attitude bespeak the earnest antagonist of shams ; or the dreamy face of the Howadji ; the keen eye of Bancroft ; the expressive look of Longfellow ; the ideal air of Tennyson ; the lofty cranium of Henry James, and the Vandyke-like portrait of G. H. Calvert. In each of these well-known men, and in the 'counterfeit presentment' of many others of the gifted and the fair, is at once visible

the *characteristic* both of lineament, of mind and of disposition. Invaluable to friends are such intellectual reflections of the loved and honored; while crayon drawings thus strongly outlined and individually expressive, are the best of all for transfer to steel, copper, or stone.

Here we are in one of those spacious avenues projected by the sagacious counsel of Gouverneur Morris, which redeem this metropolis; a glance suffices to convince us that it is not the fashionable one: a railroad-car glides along the centre; plain, substantial brick dwellings line the way; provision, dry-goods, grocery-shops, form the basement-range; the street, though broad, has a most provincial and trading look; even an old Dutch gable would be a relief to the eye; but only monotonous, unadorned fronts, and flaunting ells of woollen and chintz, or huge quarters of pork, vary the perspective. Yet even in this unpicturesque thoroughfare, we discover an artist. Ring at that yellow door where the plate is inscribed with the musical appellative of Eugenio Latilla*; by his velvet coat and straggling beard, giving a Vandyke air to the figure, we should know him anywhere for a painter; and here he is established in the Sixth Avenue, a man that has fraternized with some of the best artists of the day, lectured to his English students, presided at meetings of the British Institution, and after a long sojourn in Italy, brings to the new world his versatile ability and wide experience. Latilla is the brother-in-law of Freeman. He executed in Florence a series of fine linear etchings on steel illustrative of the New Testament, with the passages in original characters of his own invention richly illuminated. This elegant volume is a gem of its kind; the heads, figures, and grouping are in a chaste style, and abound in devotional feeling. Fortunately the plates are retained by the artist, and several copies of the work have been disposed of to lovers of Christian art in this country. Haydon once addressed a letter to Latilla commencing: 'My dear Fresco Master;' and it is in this branch that he excels; two houses in this city bear witness to his superior taste and execution in fresco painting; and the wonder is, that this beautiful method of decoration is not more generally adopted; whoever contemplates such an experiment will do well to consult Latilla. He has also studied architecture with much success, and has planned a modified Gothic remarkably adapted to the wants of this country: we hope an opportunity will be granted him to exhibit his designs in the shape of a public building: the style would prove very effective in church architecture. As a portrait-painter his skill and taste are excellent: witness that lovely face over the fire-place; it is one of those fair and delicate English girls who seek the mild skies of Italy, and bloom there in exotic beauty: it was painted in Florence where the lady's family reside. Opposite is an elaborate historical painting, the subject biblical, which gained the approbation of capital judges in London. This artist has just finished the portraits of fifty of the most eminent American clergymen, taken from daguerreotypes, of cabinet size, and intended for a large engraving, which will doubtless be exceedingly popular. The truth of these portraits is extraordinary; indeed, Latilla never fails to catch the expression of his sitters; and his time has been mainly occupied since his

* Now established as a rural architect in a neighboring county.

arrival, in this most lucrative branch of art. What a fine head is that Greek of Malta, near the window ! Latilla has proved of signal benefit to the School of Design, lately established in this city. His instruction already bears fruit, in the well-executed wood-engravings of the most advanced pupils ; his benevolent sympathies, as well as his artistic intelligence, have been enlisted in this philanthropic scheme. But knowing as we do, his varied abilities, we hope to see his graceful designs in the higher class of our publications, and a public edifice erected according to his truly original plans, and internally decorated in his genuine fresco style. He has lately devoted himself to rural architecture, and for that purpose contemplates a permanent residence in the country. All who are familiar with the biography of Campbell, are aware of the poet's idiosyncrasy analogous to that of Goethe, a sentiment for childhood, not as psychological as that of Wordsworth, but having all the character of an individual attachment. This beautiful trait seems quite appropriate to the author of the '*Pleasures of Hope* ;' it was not, however, entirely the result of his ideal and sensitive nature, but doubtless gained emphasis from his domestic misfortunes ; in the prime of life he was deprived of those enjoyments which a home yields, and on which his heart was singularly dependent. One day Campbell entered the house of a friend and was instantly magnetized by the portrait of a child that hung on the wall of the drawing-room ; it was one of those bright, winsome faces that appeal irresistibly to the sense of beauty. The poet was eager in his inquiries as to the history of the picture, and learned that it was borrowed from the artist, and a genuine likeness of his little girl. He could not rest until his friend promised to obtain for him the refusal of the work ; then he desired an introduction to the painter, and when the portrait became his own, he sought the acquaintance of the beautiful child, who immediately became an object of the most enthusiastic interest ; he visited her with the regularity and the devotion of a lover ; and to her were addressed the ardent '*Lines to a Child*,' in his poems. The head that accompanies them, in the illustrated edition is engraved from the portrait ; the painter was Latilla, and the original is his daughter, whom I have seen there by the fireside, (and could trace the resemblance clearly in the eyes,) subsequently the fair bride of a clergyman, and whose early death husband and parents now unceasingly mourn. With this charming episode of artist-life, we must, for the present, take leave of the New-York artists.

N I G H T.

I HEAR below on the pavement
 The falling of passing feet,
 And a ray from a stranger's lantern
 Comes up from the lonely street,
 And moves, like a ghost, through my chamber,
 So silently and so fleet.

It is gone, and I am sitting
 Alone in my darkened room ;
 And a gleam flits through my spirit,
 Then leaves it in grief and gloom ;
 For I think of my boyhood's darling,
 And then of her marble tomb.

B. B. F.

T H E N A M E L E S S R I V E R .

Now azure as the crystal air,
Now like unsullied snows,
In yonder valley, shining there,
A nameless river flows.

Adown the rocks in light cascades
It pours its floods of song :
Through fragrant fields and silent shades
Its waters wind along.

Flowers blossom on the rock-crowned hills
Whence its fair currents glide,
And over-hang the wood-land rills
That swell its stately tide.

Serene its radiant waters flow
In shadows calm and deep,
Where pine and cone-like cedars grow,
And bending willows weep :

Beautiful flowers its banks adorn ;
Its waves are lily-crowned ;
And harvests of the emerald corn
Swell o'er the plains around.

Yet not for this for evermore
I love its silvery tide :
My steadfast, peerless ISIDORE
Dwells on the river-side !

Upon its grassy banks at noon,
Like one in dreams astray,
I listen to the tremulous tune
The gliding waters play.

Still unto her my spirit leans,
When by the river's side,
Mid fragrant flowers and ever-greens,
I walk at even-tide.

I loiter by its waves at night,
Through shadowy vales afar,
With visions ideal of delight,
Entranced as lovers are.

With tremulous stars the waters shine,
Like old, enchanted streams :
Beneath *her* lattice, wreathed with vine,
They murmur while she dreams.

Flow on, thou nameless river ! flow,
In beauty to the sea :
My heart is on your waves of snow,
My love flows on with thee !

Thy silent waves to me no more
Like nameless waters glide :
I name thee from my ISIDORE,
Who dwells upon thy side.

A C R O S S T H E S T R E E T .

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

ACROSS the street you sit and sing ;
The song, but not your face, I know :
It is a sweet, familiar thing ;
I heard it first, oh ! long ago.
Between the curtains' envious shade
Sometimes I see your figure pass,
And now and then a ringlet strayed,
As you stoop forward, dims the glass.

Between us clamor Traffic's din,
The crash of wheels, the tramp of feet ;
Men go and come, their ears within
Steal not your singing, soft and sweet ;
But o'er the whole, thy simple song
A viewless, airy bridge has thrown,
On which my heart, above the throng,
Goes over where you sit alone.

Sing on : I cannot see your face,
If 't is like one that Memory owns.
Were it but near me I might trace ;
Some likeness, for your liquid tones
But mimic hers, who, in the eves
Of summers fled, sang sweet as thou :
The curl that o'er thy temple waves
Seems brown, like those that swept her brow.

Sing on : I know each loving word,
Though here they steal but faint and low.
My heart, with tender memories stirred,
Spells each, ere from your lips they flow :
Would I could see the hand that sweeps
In music o'er those answering strings,
For now, no more my passion sleeps,
No more 't is you — another sings.

Sing on : perhaps a stranger here,
Your heart revisits home in song.
The absent, yearned for and how dear,
Perchance in fancy round you throng :
Your lips, that bid those numbers rise
Have thrilled, it may be, at love's kiss ;
And, longing for the far-off eyes,
You sing away an hour like this.

Sing on : I too am dreaming. Thou
Hast filled a stranger's heart with joy.
O wondrous song and singer ! now
Ye make me once again a boy.
Blue eyes light up this lonely room,
Soft hands lie, light of touch, in mine,
She comes in beauty's deathless bloom ;
Her lips are singing, and not thine !

The song has ceased, the charm has fled,
E'en while its glory brightest shone,
And comes the clamorous din instead,
And I am sitting here alone.
Sweet singer! soon perhaps you go
Where all your heart has been so long;
I would that you might sometimes know
How well one listened to your song.

May 22, 1856.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER TWELFTH.

ACTIVE service in the field is a powerful antidote to sickness of many kinds, as experience fully taught us. With the change from the excitement of the fray and the rout to the monotonous drag of mere guard and police duty, came a host of maladies no less dangerous than the battle-storm. Many who had harmlessly traversed intrenchments, and clambered over ramparts with as light hearts as if scaling nunnery-walls, now fell sick and died. The reason was obvious. There was altogether too much time for reflection. Some sought a refuge in the wine-cup, or in absorbing games of chance which made them nabobs and beggars within an hour: some were of a studious turn, and they ransacked all the receptacles and store-houses of aboriginal lore, and read all the books, and conned all the manuscripts of the meagre public libraries; and the remainder of the gentlemen composing Uncle Samuel's forces in the city of Mexico, employed themselves in a myriad of ways, with but one object in view; and that object was the killing of Time. In return for the civility, the old white-beard, with his hour-glass and scythe, killed many of them. They who had sought a lotus-tree, that could induce oblivion of their native land, found one that made them forgetful of that as well as all else beside; for its roots struck deep — into the grave.

There is a celebrated national song of Switzerland, which is said to overpower the soldier in foreign lands, as like joy-bells it falls in sweet tones upon his ear. Such images of peace, home, and domestic felicity does it conjure up, that it causes home-sickness; and the government into whose service the mountaineer has entered forbids the song under severe penalties. It is wise to do so. *Heimweh*, the ardent and passionate longing for home that impels to desertion or suicide, is not peculiar to him. The *maladie du pays* of the Frenchman, and *nostalgia* (as medical men disguise the horrid name of home-sickness, when they dare not speak it plainly) both mean the yearning of the soul for the household smiles and looks of love that the humblest home can supply. 'Home! home, sweet home!' was with us tacitly proscribed; and when any sick man was heard humming that air it was a pretty

sure indication that he was on a quick march for his long home. I am going to tell of an attack of a malady that is not at all peculiar to clime or race ; and it may be one that is not unfamiliar to some readers of this.

The name of the firm friend of our mess, who is now to be introduced, must for this purpose be supposed to be Rocket. Gifted with an exquisite taste for music, and various other accomplishments that made him a desirable companion, abounding in good-humor, and uniting a gentle spirit and a gallant heart, (by no means a rare combination,) he had all the qualifications for the position of leader in fun, frolic, and the more refined convivialities of a mess. The fault was partially mine that he, the silver-tongued, merry-hearted fellow, so fell away from his high estate as to become the antipodes of himself. Rocket had been wont to boast a freedom from those troublesome things called nerves ; and all who witnessed his easy, unflurried carriage in the hour of fiery trial, when the rasp of the sabre as it leaped from the scabbard inspired with additional courage, and shots buzzed round like wasps ; they, I say, who then saw him were more than half-inclined to corroborate his assertion of having been born without nerves. Now, an internal flame forced from him an admission to the contrary. He who had ever been ready and able to transfuse his own joyfulness into others, and who could revive the languid, bent-down spirit, now had no excess of cheerfulness, nay, sometimes needed a helping prop in his moments of despondency. His mental malady left its trace upon the physical system. One absorbing theme made him apparently insensible to any thing but the mechanical routine of duty. He had been smitten to the core by a weapon whose wound when earnestly given will never fully heal : but it took a long time, weeks, months, to develop the effects of my indiscreetness in connection with the matter.

To divert Rocket from that which was preying upon his mind, I felt bound to exert myself, having even then, in the incipient stage of the disease, a suspicion of its real cause. We went together for a ride on the beautiful public promenade called the Paséo. That ought to cheer him if any thing could. Generally on a fine day it is frequented by thousands of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians ; but during the occupation of the neighboring city by our troops it was never uncomfortably thronged by the fashionables. The *caballeros*, having shed their coat-tails, appeared on horseback in jackets richly embroidered in silk, or gold, or silver-lace, and plentifully bespangled with shining metal buttons ; loose-flowing crimson scarfs girded their waists ; trowsers slashed up the side of the leg, and wide-rimmed *sombreros* with silver or golden cord twisted round them, completed the principal parts of their usually elegant yet sometimes gaudy costume. But then their magnificent horse-furniture, with the saddle that cost a thousand dollars, and the remainder of the equipment no less dashing, drew the gaze of vulgar curiosity from the rider to his steed. Not unfrequently could be seen gay parties of caballeros and their lady-loves in the enjoyment of equestrian exercises, a recreation to which the gentler sex of that country are quite partial. One cannot fail to compare it with Calmuck courtship on horseback, where the lady, if she fancy her pursuer, may allow herself

to be caught and made a bride. We had, however, seen the ladies to much greater advantage in Puebla, where foreign fashions had not perverted the simplicity of the native taste. The ladies of a Pueblan cavalcade seem not to sit less firmly than do their companions of coarser mould; and the alacrity with which the laughing *Poblanitas* would join in a contest of speed attested their entire freedom from fear. There was no rolling off like a dumpling with them, a feat which (with all due respect be it said) marked the first attempts in equitation of certain I wot of. The firmness in the saddle which is so peculiar to the señoritas is easily explained. Fond as they are of a *promenade à cheval*, their liking is for the manner of the Duchess de Berri and Madame Fanny K. B——; for the side-saddle is deemed an innovation not to be tolerated in a land where squeamishness and false delicacy are contemned. The graceful long riding-dress precludes an undue display of ankle. This is an item worthy the consideration of our more refined modern reformers (!) who seek to disclose their extreme beauty of formation by wearing a short costume *à la mandarin*. Let those strong-minded feminines who are not so lamentably low, ignorant, and stupid as to suppose that woman should have no higher nor more masculine aspiration than what merely enhances the joys of private life; let them give this question their serious and dispassionate consideration. Let, also, our handsome ladies on Broadway of a bright day, they who take the least suspicion of dampness or mud on the crossings for an excuse to elevate their corded skirts, and thus display their ankles, even to the second joint thereof; let them give attention. Would it not be well for them to adopt the Mexican mode, and to utterly discard the side-saddle, which affords so little security against tumbling, to the graceless hoyden? Discard the side-saddle and all the prudishness that goes with it, or fall short of the progress of the age, which improves so marvellously upon nature. But I am wandering from my proper subject of narration.

That is the primitive custom, that is gradually being laid aside in the large cities, where fashion reigns rampant. On the *Pasèò*, even in our day, it was a very rare case for a lady to be seen mounted on any thing but what the natives justly deem a foreign barbarism.

As the mounted dons curvetted and pranced along, and their brilliant accoutrements flashed before us, there was some hope that the sight of the joyous phalanx would dissipate the cloud that hung over my friend's mind; for we continually encountered acquaintances and exchanged courtesies with both ladies and gentlemen. But no; the occasion had no charms for him. He did start from his abstraction for an instant, only long enough to collect his thoughts and fix them upon a person who accosted us. A florid-faced, beetle-browed squib of a cockney was that person, whom it is convenient to designate as Harley Quin. Much sought after was he by anxious mammas who had marketable daughters, for he had the reputation of being wealthy. Harley Quin was a supercilious fellow, and was withal quite patronizing to such of our officers as were deceived into making an acquaintance with him. I thought a sneer curled his lip as he graciously bowed and turned to speak to some ladies in a carriage near; and, like a quiet individual, I called Rocket's

attention to my surmise, while visions of duelling-pistols and cow-hides danced before me. An artillery officer had but the day before horse-whipped the editor of one of the principal Mexican newspapers in the public plaza. Some remarks in the journal in which the name of a native lady of high respectability was coupled with that of the officer led to the punishment; and the prompt castigation inflicted in so summary a manner, had the effect of making other insolent civilians more circumspect. A quarrel would stir up my companion's lethargic feelings. No; there was no indication of fight about him, and I was almost driven to despair at the thought that nothing would arouse him. After making an engagement with a couple of señoritas who were with their mother in a carriage, to meet them at the opera, we left the Paséo and went into town.

Every body in the city of Mexico who has the pecuniary ability, goes to the opera or the theatre sometimes; and many who have the means frequent those places diurnally throughout the season. There are no hearths in Mexico around which the social gathering can nightly take place. The influence of that lack on the moral habits of the people is manifested sadly; and there is an utter absence of the family meetings which are so dear to us, and of the many pleasant memories that cluster around our hearth-stones.

The theatre of Santa Anna was, when built in 1843, considered to be the finest in the world, excepting that of San Carlos at Naples; and thither in our time, four years later, flocked the fashion and beauty of the metropolis, to keep themselves from dying of *ennui* at home; and there, also, were to be found a plentiful sprinkling of our blue-coats.

Well, to the opera Rocket and myself went in the evening. There also, was Harley Quin, whom I had fully persuaded myself was the evil genius of my friend. As the affected snob turned his opera-glass full into our box, it was evident that he intended to be impudent, and that mischief was brewing. Pistols *also* were again in my mind; and hope of a flare-up again faintly dawned, as Rocket coolly, yet with an eye of determination, compelled the other to cower down, and hide his head. What could be the matter? When we parted for the night, the question was still unsolved.

The next morning I called in at the quarter of a sick friend, and there met Rocket. His woe-begone visage had affected the invalid so much, that forgetting his own infirmities, he invented a species of amusement to cheer him up; but even that soon grew tiresome, and the haunted man relapsed into day-dreaming. I entered just after the sport had commenced. The two were so busy in heating copper coin by a candle, as not for some time to perceive my entrance. As the invalid tossed the coin one by one out of the window, which opened into a side street, the air was rent by oaths and frantic yells, as if Pandemonium had broken loose; and the two inside responded by hearty, almost convulsive laughter. I rushed to a window and looked out. A dense crowd of *lepèros* in tattered habiliments pushed, and scrambled, and tumbled heels over head in their thirst for gain, as each coin alighted among them. The blistering copper would scarcely touch the cobble-stones before a naked foot would cover it, and a yell of pain then

invited the attention of all the others to the spot where flesh seethed in the contact with hot metal. By the time the coin was pocketed, it would be tolerably cool ; and but few knew of the trick that all would have been ashamed to divulge. A half hour had elapsed before the secret was generally known, and by that time the finances gave out. The affair had the effect of restoring the invalid to health, although he did complain of a pain in his side from excessive laughter. Rocket, however, did not appreciate the jest as he should have done. It did seem that nothing could relieve him from the load that was weighing him down. He repulsed all our efforts to ascertain what the matter was.

The true cause of the dejection of our friend might have remained concealed, but for a circumstance that must be related to show how the thing came about. At the American Eagle coffee-house, a party of officers belonging to Rocket's corps, had met in solemn convocation. It was to devise a remedy for an impending evil that threatened the welfare, some said the very existence, of the —th. A martinet had just succeeded to the command ; and in retaliation for supposed slights, he had determined to rigorously enforce the discipline prescribed in the books. His austerity was uncalled-for. Men who were already overworked, who had passed through a campaign of unintermitted toil and hardship, had no disposition for long drills in the warmest part of the day, in addition to the multifarious duties devolved upon them, by reason of the paucity of numbers. That was not the worst of his malignity. Severe inspections, gun-barrels that shone like burnished silver, and spotless uniforms, were calculated to bring the corps into good repute with their neighbors, and could be tolerated ; but he, the martinet, almost daily had new schemes of annoyance which need not be recapitulated. The climax of his cruelty was not yet capped. It was said in a confidential whisper, that he had invented a torture surpassing for keenness all the others that originated with him. An order was to be issued for a strict observance of the first paragraph of page 215, Army Regulations, on the subject of hair. Heads were to be cut close, cropped ; whiskers had no longer permission to extend below the lower tip of the ear, and moustaches were to be peremptorily ordered off. Literally the paragraph read : ' Moustaches will not be worn by officers or men on any pretence whatever.' It may hardly be necessary to state that, therefore, all the army had had full license in that respect, although strictly none but cavalry regiments were entitled to such hirsute honors as moustaches.

It was a sad occasion for the —th. One warrior gravely rose in the meeting, and opened his mouth. The latter fact was not visible to the auditors, for a tremendous moustache hung like a pall over the aperture, from which the orator had just removed an emptied glass ; but the deep tones of indignation that rumbled therefrom, made it manifest who it was that opened his mouth.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am informed from a reliable source, that we, in common with all the army, have been, or are to be, insulted by the application of a contemptuous epithet. We have been called Cossacks ! Cossacks ! gentlemen, because, (the speaker here passed his

right hand over his hairy countenance,) because we wear the most beautiful of nature's adornments. Our gallant men have been told by their commander that they looked like so many bears! *Bears*, gentlemen, was the term. What shall be done? Shall the ——th which has always been the admiration of its friends, and the dread of its enemies — I may be pardoned for so speaking a universally acknowledged truth — shall the ——th now tamely submit without remonstrance to the galling yoke that is about to be thrust upon it; shall we, like Russian serfs — no, they are allowed to wear their beards unshorn — shall we, I say, shall we, shall — shall ——' The speaker, too full of emotion and grog as he was, sank back into a chair and shut his eyes.

'Never!' 'horrible!' are a sample of the exclamations that marked the intense interest that was felt by the select auditory.

'I'll resign, gentlemen,' said a fierce, tall fellow with a sort of vermilion head and beard. 'I'll quit the service first.'

'And I'll get exchanged, or go on the staff.'

'The doctor must put me on the sick list and send me home, if this barbarous order is really to be carried out. Shave me like a convict, indeed!' So spoke a young gentleman who sported an incipient silken fringe on his lip, and a crutch under one arm.

One of the more sedate members then rose and contributed his quota to the assembled wisdom. He hoped the meeting would not be at all clamorous or unofficer-like. The order, if issued, would bring scandal upon the corps; but there was some uncertainty in connection with the report, and it was barely possible that some mistake had occurred. A respectful remonstrance should be sent to the commander upon the issuing of the order, and if that would not do, Gen. Scott could be memorialized. He thought also that proceedings should be conducted with decorum to avoid any appearance of being unruly.

Another gave his opinion that bloodshed would result from the anticipated order. Laughs and gibes provoke duels. They would have to shoot down half of the men for mutiny if the order were promulgated, he knew they would.

All had given some opinion except Rocket. He had nothing to say. When accused of indifference on the momentous subject, he calmly refuted the charge, and approved of lawful resistance to any thing that might have a tendency to degrade the corps.

The opportune arrival of the adjutant at this stage of the business relieved the minds of the distressed *confrères*. He was highly amused by the result of a practical joke, which was traced to a mischievous youngster of Gen. Pierce's brigade. A violent reaction took place when it was certain that no such order was to issue; and to such an extent did the good feeling go, that even the martinet was kindly spoken of, and one or two good qualities of his mentioned. All were joyful — no, not all; Rocket was not. He made some noise, and contributed a forlorn jest or two to the general mirth; but it was plain that he was not at ease. The secret came out, confidentially, of course. It is no longer to be disguised; Rocket was in love! Only think of it! The truth slipped out in an unguarded moment, when the name of Constance, (or Constanza, as it was in the vernacular of the country,) the

eldest daughter of my good friend and host, Mr. M —, was coupled with that of the odious Harley Quin. Inquiring eyes glanced at the face of Rocket as he flushed up, and then plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having a kind of sneaking regard in the quarter alluded to. He was known as an admirer, but who dreamed that an innocent flirtation was to terminate so desperately! Now I have explained how the order to cut off hair is connected with this story.

PART TWO.

LAVATER tells us that woman is more pure, tender, delicate, irritable, affectionate, flexible, and patient than he of the grosser sex; and what if she is? What if she is as pure as crystal? she is not as transparent: as tender and as delicate as a young pigeon? one has no ready means of demonstrating it: as irritable as Tantalus? she can so disguise her feelings as to throw the mildness of a lamb into the shade: as affectionate as one's twin-soul? she can coyly suppress all token of it: as flexible as a fine watch-spring? she is just as certain to fly back into her natural coils the moment she is released from restraint: as patient as Job? oh! there we must pause. There she seems to excel. She can have the patience to sport with her entangled victim as the angler makes pastime of the writhing of the fish at the end of his line. All the foregoing is upon the authority of an experienced member of my mess, whose opinion has great weight with me.

Rocket in love! O my comrade! beware of a want of reciprocity: look not for mercy from the inexorable. Let the mirthful *allegro* no more skip in fantastic jigs over thy lute; let the heavy-laden *andante* drag over thy sighing instrument in saddening modulations; and forget not to howl out thy heart's misgivings in a doleful recitative—for Constanza cares not for thee.

Rocket was to be pitied. He was not blindly led by an insensate passion that blazes fiercely only to die out the sooner; but his preference was undoubtedly the result of esteem, of admiration of virtues. Report had spoken favorably of Constanza months before the innamorato met her; and he had been intimate with her brother, a cotton-factor at Xalapa, and had also casually heard her family spoken of at Puebla by the English residents; but when, through my instrumentality, he became intimate with the fair damsel, and her congeniality of temperament became manifest, and won upon him, then alas! it became too late for him to retreat. Admiration on his part gave way to a more violent emotion, and all at once he became aware that insensibly a passion to which all his life he had been an alien, warped his judgment; and then he experienced the truth that nothing can render existence any thing more than tolerable but the alternation of the reflex act of life—love! Love! nature's magnet-heat, that into cold stone can breathe a world of life and light, dealt not over-kindly with him. Every thing went wrong. Constanza had not forgotten the education she received in a colder climate, and she was reserved and almost cold to him. Even his usually fine time-piece dragged along so slowly as to put him out of patience, and all the clocks of the city formed a league to keep back the hours to annoy him, for guard and garrison duty kept

him away from the side of his lady-love, until the hands pointed to the proper hour. He had become sentimental, and he plucked such a number of posies, that one might be pardoned for supposing that, like Linnaeus, he had so carefully noticed the sensibility of plants as to compose a horologe of flowers. He made me his confident, and sometimes messenger. That philopœna of flowers was sent by me, as Rocket was stationed in a village of mud-huts at some distance, and could not leave for several days' time; and I would scorn to mention a word of the little paper that was concealed in the centre of the bouquet, but for the hand I had in making it jingle in verse. It was something like the following :

SONNET.

A PHILOPœNA now I send to thee—
 A floral missive of the burning thought
 That up-springs from my mind uncalled, unsought.
 From thralldom such as thine I would be free;
 Yet it doth seem that thou art bound to me
 By some magnetic chain. With mischief fraught
 Are our fond meetings; else surely there's naught
 But bliss can crown my hopes. Let fate decree
 Her best or worst; for so vibrates my soul
 Between conflicting thoughts, that better far
 Were it to end all doubt, though lost the goal
 To which my mind e'er flies, like shooting star.
 CONSTANZA! let thy heart give thee the key
 That can unlock the hidden melody.

That, I say, was the substance of the paper. But the flowers had a hidden voice beyond my ken; and beyond any reasonable doubt they told much more than I wot of. May-be her heart did give her the key to the business.

Were all his pains, then, for naught? Need the question be asked? The furtive glances that the maiden cast as the rose drove the lily from her cheek, did they not mean that she hated the very mention of his name? Could not the impertinent fellow see how downcast the lady looked when accidentally found in his company? any one with but half an eye might have seen it. Frivolous flirtation was foreign to her ingenuous nature, and she took no pains to disguise her hearty dislike to have him always dangling at her heels, and exciting remarks from her lady-friends that made her blush. Still he persisted. It was hinted to the infatuated inamorato, that, however promising a young army-officer may be, unless he have more capital than what is invested in the bullion of his epaulettes; and unless he wear in his face a great deal more brass than is in the hilt of his sword; he need not waste his time and attentions on a fair one who has not the slightest objection to the elegancies of life. A sword, however honorable it may be, will not always enable one to make much of a figure in moneyed society. But Rocket's whole being was vibrating under the domination of that one thought of love, and he spurned all idea of his lady-love not having a soul above buttons. He evidently indulged the Platonic theory that the beauty of form is but an outward indication of the mind, an idea that Spenser condenses into a single line :

'All that is good is beautiful and fair.'

Constanza was beautiful and fair, *ergo* she was good; if good, it was

her bounden duty to prefer him to all the rest of mankind, even though he had only an unsullied reputation and an honest heart, for he was entirely devoted to her. How silly he was! Did he not know that Harley Quin was a suitor for the same hand? Did he not know, also, that that very respectable gentleman was in the employ of an extensive English trading-house, probably as a silent partner? that he wore a diamond breast-pin worth the price of a farm? and that he mounted a saddle that was gemmed with jewels and plated with gold? Yes; he could not help knowing the fact: and, moreover, he knew that the ambitious friends of the lady constantly held up the advantages of an alliance to the supercilious snob. Major M—— testified that women are all alike, all false, and he had the means of knowing, for his heart had been broken a dozen times by the jilts; and he exhorted our friend to eschew heart-alluring damsels, all and sundry; for to tamper with them was like trying a sword's point on a stone. Another had the kindness to report that Constanza was always pleasant and free in the company of Harley Quin, and that she smiled knowingly when his name was mentioned, quite differently from her manner when the military beau was sneeringly alluded to. In attempting to appropriate to his own use and behoof the rose-bud that was gradually maturing into beauty, had he not by mistake, plucked the wormwood that grew by its side? Respect for the lady was urged as an inducement for him to cease his annoyance. He would flare up for a second, than cool down as he reflected, and promise to think of it. Would think of it! Alas! poor me. I had made myself responsible for all the business, and vainly sought an outlet whereby to shirk my responsibility. I called sophistry to my aid, and even deduced a moral from the circumstances of the case, to wit: As the swift pace of the horse is the cause of all his ill-usage; and as the soft fur of the fox is the cause of his being hunted and killed; so were the bewitching manners of Constanza the cause of her being pestered, and no fault should be imputed to me for having first brought them together. What right had she to be so very lovable? otherwise the bewildered mind would not have been so prone to revert to celestials in her presence. A person does very wrong to be always interesting and captivating, and he or she should always have a supply of iciness on hand in case of necessity. So thought Major M——, who had been forty years in coming to such a sage conclusion.

Thus things went up to the time when I was called away from the scene of action. The next time that one of Rocket's mess crossed my path we had a long talk about old times, and the love-lorn lieutenant was not forgotten. Hear the end of his troubles.

'About a month or so after you left us,' said my informant, 'we lost Rocket. We missed him very much. The fact is, that ever since he got into that scrape with Miss M——, he was not good for much. Dear me! he got as sober as a parson. How some men do take things of that kind to heart, don't they? It was almost like losing a near relative.'

'So the poor fellow is dead!' I exclaimed.

'Dead! No, my dear boy, not *dead* — *married*!'

'Married!' What a relief. I could have danced to hear that my chum was not numbered with the defunct. 'Married! and whom, pray, did he marry? Did he marry after all? Well, now!'

'Whom would he marry, indeed? whom but that girl he was always making such a fuss about, the elder daughter of Mr. M——?'

'What about that English fellow?' I asked. He knew that Harley Quin was meant, by the contemptuous tone of voice.

'He turned out to be a swindler; that is, he was a poor penniless wretch, with nothing to recommend him when his reputed wealth turned out to be a bubble. A small clerk, only. Every body has cut him since. A low fellow, decidedly.'

'What a narrow escape Miss M—— must have had with him,' I suggested, though well knowing that Constanza never could have tied herself for life to such an uncongenial lump of mortality as the afore-said Harley Quin.

'Quite a mistake on your part,' he replied. She and Rocket understood each other from the first. Yet many a wise head was deceived by the line of policy followed by them. As for the father of the girl, he doated on his contemplated son-in-law, Rocket, but withheld his consent for awhile. The fact is, that the old gentleman had the prospect of being entirely ruined by the war, and he was too honorable not to let Rocket know the embarrassed state of his affairs. Then he found out that his daughter had selected a true piece of steel. By-the-by, the Rockets are now in the United States. His talents are already giving him a high position, and he will, before long, be a prominent man.'

Now, my reading friends, who have followed the thread of a small every-day story through a *melange*, how do you like the history and cure of my friend Rocket's disease? Ask himself, if you recognize him, and he will tell you that it is true. So MOTE IT BE. W. H. BROWNE.

S O N N E T

ON HEARING THE VOICE OF THE LATE MRS. W. C. B., IN THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,
MORRISTOWN, N. J.

WHAT seraph-tones entrance my captive ears?
Can such proceed from earth, or earthly voice,
To swell the magic music of the spheres?
Yes! but from one whose heart makes heaven its choice,
And upward lifts her to the blissful plains,
Where, as they enter, listening saints rejoice
That mortal lips should emulate their strains:
There, when below this melody has ceased,
She joins the angelic choir in holier lays,
Sustains their harmony with power increased:
Oh! may she think of those who, while on earth,
She led in sacred song and chaunts of praise
To the REDEEMER's shrine to gain 'new birth.'

D.

L I N E S .

'T WAS night ; the wind in peace was sleeping,
The stars their silent watch were keeping,
The earth seemed hushed in deep reposing,
Like soft dark eyes of beauty closing.
The full-orbed moon her light was pouring
On purling stream and torrent roaring ;
On lowly hut and lofty tower ;
On soldier's tent and lady's bower ;
On sea and land, on all she kept
Her radiant eye while others slept.

On scenes of sadness and of pleasure,
On miser counting o'er his treasure,
On kings and nobles without number,
On millions who in death do slumber,
On battle-field with corpses piling,
On prisoners tedious night beguiling,
On blood-stained warrior restless dreaming,
On sleeping childhood faces beaming ;
On sea and land, on all she kept
Her radiant eye while others slept.

But hark ! from out yon castle stealing
Sweet music comes ; now louder pealing
The ear enchaining, soul entrancing,
Anon receding, now advancing,
Now breaking forth in wildest notes,
Then softly changing, gently floats
Upon the air ; then dies away
Like rays of light at close of day ;
While yet on all the moon still kept
Her watchful eye while others slept.

But see yon castle-gates unbarring
With trumpet loud and noisy jarring ;
A crowd of warriors come out rushing
Like foaming ocean onward gushing,
O'er hill and dale, themselves wide spreading
To sound of martial music treading ;
While over rock, and tree, and all,
Had fallen night's sepulchral pall ;
While yet on all the moon still kept
Her watchful eye while others slept.

Where are they now ? their spirits fleeting
Are with the loved and lost ones meeting ;
Nothing they know of this world's sorrow,
No further trouble now they borrow ;
They've passed away, we know them not ;
Tradition only marks the spot
Where once their ashes mouldering lay.
They've gone ; but when day's passed away
In nightly course the moon still keeps
Her eye on all, e'en while they sleep.

ELLAS-LAND : THE FLORENTINE.

NUMBER NINE.

THE summit of Ellas-land over-looks afar the surrounding landscape. The horizon in the distance appears to be below us. Morning's early beams seem to reach us with an upward flight. At first, darkness becomes less prevailing, and objects are seen more distinctly. A faint and spreading arch of white light in the east is followed by a reddening flush and purple glow. Presently the hill-tops, alive with song of birds, and vocal with all the voices of day, mark their sharp outlines against the sky. Yet another look shows them gilded with the first golden beams of the sun, and then bathed abundantly in his glorious light. The valley, in whose immediate bosom lies 'the Beautiful River,' is seen only as a huge winding fog-anaconda. The smaller valleys separating the numerous hill-tops from each other, lift and throw back their white veils to salute you. Terraces of wine-bearing grapes circle the conical hills at a distance, like flounces upon the skirts of a lady's dress. We gaze off into azure space, and look down upon emerald slopes, fraught with health-bearing verdure, and breathe the sweet breath of new-born day, hours before the tallest steeple of the city is visible through smoke and fog. The coming of morning to Ellas-land is like the coming of Ella to my bosom, lonely by reason of her long absence, and covered with night. It does not come in the manner of those who seek grand effects, through the means of contrasts, or astonishment, and challenging admiration; but as one consciously at peace with herself, and serenely clothed in the brightness of God's favor, with all holy and gentle messages, moving ever in a fresh atmosphere of love and faith. My daughter! O my first-born! when shall the joyful East herald your coming? When again shall all the voices of my heart sing, and all its blossoms open, and all its treasury of delights awake?

The first effect of the recovery of her land and of the presence of assured good fortune, upon the Florentine, I have already stated to you, was happy. She laid off her desolate-looking and worn garments, and with them much of the appearance of age. Freshly and pleasantly clad, her countenance more fresh, and her eye beaming with subdued but cheerful consciousness of success, she was a lady of agreeable presence and of winning manners, lacking neither intelligence nor dignity. We are apt to think of those circumstances which affect the body, as constituting the history of an individual; but if we could separately regard the fortunes of the soul, what histories, what changes, what mysteries should we not read? The Florentine soon relapsed into her restless and wandering mood, and the first we knew, had departed from among us, leaving only some kind messages, but no intimation of the direction or objects of her journey. In a great city, no person is of such consequence as not soon to be forgotten: she had been known to few, and to us only as a mysterious and unhappy person. Her disappearance

was like the sinking of a pebble in the ocean ; causing a momentary ripple, and then to be thought of no more.

But while I acknowledge to have been careless of her fate, more so than any thing but preëccupation with professional cares would excuse, the thought of her did often come back to me. Sometimes it remained long, and refused to go hence. As weeks and months and seasons rolled on, and as *Ellas-land* became adorned with shrubbery, and endeared with rural delights, and mingled with all thoughts of home, the figure of the Florentine would more and more frequently rise in the midst, and sorrowfully move out from us into the surrounding void, or in opposite mood of thoughtful regard, infuse its lady-like aspects and shadowy presence among evergreens and flowering shrubs : it would seem to stand by the spring or glide along the walks. I conceived the idea of a painting, to represent her as a mythical personage, with a weird look, and figure emerging from a cloud. The accident by which I became enlisted in her service, all its results, the intimate and close dependence of all upon my thoughts of you though distant, excited my imagination. Often of a pleasant night, the silver rays of the moon, falling on natural objects, seemed to weave lights and shadows into a resemblance, more or less fantastic, of the Florentine. Sometimes the rosy light of dawn recalled to me her happy countenance — the first time I met her after she had made me the deed for *Ellas-land* — beaming with modest gratitude and satisfaction.

I held several consultations with Beard and Sontag about the picture. Should it be a single figure, to represent the Florentine alone ? or should it be a landscape, and her figure mingled with some device of natural objects, like a vision or a dream ? Should she be seen emerging indistinctly from the evening fogs, below and beyond *Ellas-land*, to glance over its laughing surface in the calm upper air ? Could it be so contrived that a shadowy, peaceful, and light-hearted *Ella* would balance and throw into artistic repose a scene whose portent is the weird unrest of the Florentine ? Might it not be so contrived as to show the spring, the old elm, and our venerable bull-frog Martin Luther ? What would be the effect of throwing upon the back-ground a storm-cloud, with the dark features of Black Hawk peering from it ? Would there be any degree of possibility or artistic coherence in throwing branches of shrubbery so into relief and expression as to bring forth the outlines of Father Green, as a sort of superior and presiding genius, giving the whole combination an idea of trust and safety ?

Mr. Sontag thought there was a fine chance for landscape-painting, but *Ellas-land* was too much improved and cultivated ; grass was cropped, trees trimmed, walks laid out in serpentine bends. There was no old tree or broken branch, no tangled under-brush, not even a wild grape-vine dislocated from its support and swinging in the wind. If he did the picture, he would wipe out all signs of cultivation, and show *Ellas-land* in its primeval state.

Beard, on the other hand, caught up with eagerness the idea of an amiable but distraught countenance and figure, rising somewhat wildly from an indistinct ground, and stroked his long hair with satisfaction. He did not object decidedly to a second figure in the picture, but as I went on,

adding one thing to another, and increasing the group in the manner above described, he answered me never a word until I reached the end. I did not then notice a peculiar light in his eye; but he thought my combination incomplete, and suggested the adding of a ghost, hung up by his heels, and a saint with a split stick on his nose.

All at once, the grotesqueness and absurdity of my inquiries flashed upon me, and taking in the ludicrous solemnity and deference of his manner while listening to suggestions which would over-task any number of academies of design, our eyes met, and we both burst into a loud and hearty laugh. The picture was postponed.

Not until your mother's visit to Madame Cleaver, had we obtained a single trace of the movements of the Florentine herself. From the description given by Madame Cleaver of the stranger in her pew, I had little doubt of the wanderer's return; but where to look for her, or why she did not find us, were questions to be solved only by the general idea we had of her condition, as one mentally perturbed, seeking in vain for rest, and moved about in the pursuit of improbable objects. She was no otherwise deranged or insane than one may be who is still in possession of every sensibility and every faculty, but who has allowed some one faculty or susceptibility to usurp an undue control, so that other faculties and susceptibilities are unable quite to maintain their orderly relations with each other. We were left to inquire for her not many days.

It happened one morning, after a few hours of the sunshine and fragrance of *Ellas-land*, I commenced my customary walk to the city, and in my descent was moving into a bank of mingled fog and smoke, which was yielding slowly, but not yet giving up its obstinate and uneven battle with the sun, whose glittering shafts were piercing it through and through, when I was unexpectedly accosted by the voice of the Florentine.

'Thank God, it is you!' said she, with an earnestness which I thought a little exaggerated.

I took her hand, and said: 'I am glad to see you, my friend.'

She did not give me time to inquire for her health or say more, but commenced interrogating:

'Do you believe in special providences — pray tell me, do you believe?'

While I hesitated a moment how to shape an answer to a question so shot at me, she again asked:

'Tell me truly. You are composed, and your brain is clearer than mine. Do you believe in special providences?'

'By special providences,' I replied, 'I suppose you mean an influence exerted by divine and other spiritual agencies, upon the affairs of individuals, and especially directed to mould their fate, or to shape particular exigencies of it. Yes, I do believe, unless I should use a word more positive, and say I know it.'

'Thank God, again!' said she. 'Now tell me why you believe: prove it to me, and — then you will shine almost like an angel: your steps will be beautiful as the coming of him who bringeth glad tidings.'

I do not remember ever before to have been called upon to make an

argument upon a question, apparently involving so much feeling, not only without a brief, but without a moment's forethought. Partly to gain time, partly to avoid the oddness of such a discussion in a public thoroughfare, and partly to bring her mind more directly under cheerful and healthy influences, I invited her along a by-path with which I was familiar, and which by a short distance led to the brow of a hill, warm with the light of the morning sun, and over-looking city and valley, village and rivulet, far as eye could reach. Arriving there, I was about to call her attention to the beautiful effects of light and shade upon a distant forest, when she again pressed for my argument.

'Shortly, then, my friend! because not to believe it would be to believe human affairs an exception to the general order of nature. I do not now think of any thing, animate or inanimate, which is not more or less affected by causes outside of itself, and proceeding, so far as we can guess, from some great, common centre of government. What, for instance, is the cause which produces from the same elements two such different substances as diamond and charcoal? The fate of two infants, born in the same family, could hardly be more opposite.'

'True!' said the Florentine: 'but those laws are universal and material, are they not?'

'It is rather probable,' I replied, 'that they are universal, and hence do not meet the case before your Honor — I beg pardon, my friend; I see now, I am not in court. But perhaps these laws may be one step in the explanation of the case. We know that men and women, however capable of reason, are not governed by it. The real springs of action are as apt to be found in some cherished memory, some lingering hope, some undisclosed and almost unrecognized emotional impulse, as in the dictates of pure reason. It would be difficult to imagine a combination of mind and matter capable of logic, yet so habitually illogical as mankind. In the important affairs of life, where judgment is called to its highest exercise, it often happens that the scales are poised almost evenly: the weight of a feather or of a grain of sand, as it were, in one scale or the other, decides the question. Then come all the consequences, different and leading in a different direction, from an opposite decision. But this thing, this spirit or inner life, which we call the soul, and the spiritual existences to which it is akin, are influenced by the moral affections. I see no more improbability that one moral affection should draw to it or repel others, than that one magnet should draw to it or repel others. When the scales of the judgment or of the will hang trembling and undecided, some of the millions of spiritual creatures that walk the earth unseen, an angel, the disembodied spirit of parent, relative, or friend, breathes into your spirit a recollection, an emotion, a hope, and the work is done; or the same influence may be exerted upon other minds upon whose decision your fate depends. I knew a violent and irreligious man who was about to commit murder. He says his arm was raised for the fatal blow: the thought flashed upon him, what would the spirit of his departed Mary, the girl of his early love, think of such an act? The blow was not struck. He might have swung upon the gallows: he is now alive, not useless nor without a share of the regard of those who know him. He thinks his Mary saved

him. I have heard Jenny Lind, and many a famous singer, but never a song so sung as to produce the effect upon me that is given by his uncultivated voice to the song of Highland Mary. It is the bridge on which his thoughts cross over to his own Mary. *

‘Beautiful!’ exclaimed the Florentine — ‘very beautiful!’

I was at first about to appropriate these expressions to my argument, not unwilling to think I might have said something better than I was conscious of saying; but her hands were stretched to the scene below and beyond us:

‘See!’ said she with eagerness: ‘the mists are all gone. The clouds have rolled away. The hills smile at each other: the valley laughs: the river is tranquil, and flows along the distance like a track of light: it loses itself in the embrace of winding shores, covered with verdure!’

‘All very true!’ said I, a little piqued: ‘but has that any thing to do with special providences?’

‘O my dear friend!’ continued the Florentine, in a tone of exultation, altogether as wild as any thing I had seen in her conduct; ‘I believe now in special providences. It was a special providence that kept me alive with hope for many weary years. It was a special providence that sent me to your office, and when repelled, sent me many times, turning ever again, I did not know why, to that office, until I found you, and through you, my fortune. It was a special providence that, after much wandering, brought me back again to this neighborhood; and being here, it was a special providence that kept me last night sleepless, and impressed upon my brain, as if seared there with a hot iron, the necessity of again seeking your aid. A part of my vision is already fulfilling itself: the rest will follow: it must follow. Thanks be to God! and all His merciful angels! My heavy burden will leave me. I shall be happy: through your agency some how or other, joy is ripening for my desolate existence. Oh! my heart will smile as the hills: it will laugh as the valley: and my peace, it shall flow on like the river!’

Whether she had attended to any part of my explanation of special providences, I am not prepared to say. It was apparent, however, that her newly-expressed faith was only a new phase of feeling, brought about by an unexplained association and concurrence of the scene before her with a previous fancy or dream. It was not quite the fair thing in her, to urge me unprepared to a discussion of such a topic, and then to let her mind wander, and leave me in the midst of my discussion of special providences, to the inglorious certainty of neglect. Thinking over my argument, so far as it went, I am compelled to confess that the Professors of Lane Seminary would not be likely to adopt it as a model; but yet I am persuaded, if she had listened, I might in the course of a few hours have made a tolerably good thing of it. Moral to lawyers: never venture to make an argument, when there is no judge or sheriff at hand, to keep the jury imprisoned in their seats, and if inclined to sleep, to wake them up.

The Florentine, close following her rhapsody to the hills and river, proposed to relate to me her story: upon which proposal I pulled out my watch, and saying I had an engagement at eight, requested her to proceed to *Ellas-land* and remain till evening.

'You lawyers,' said she, apparently hurt as well as surprised, 'are so — stony — cold! Here am I, returned from long wandering, and my heart leaping with a new-found hope, my feelings swaying to-and-fro with the chances of the whole object of a life-time to be gained or lost, and perhaps depending on you! Yet you interpose between me and my chances a cool day's business. I am wrong. I am unjust. You have been very kind: I will wait.'

'Suppose, my friend,' said I, 'you should obtain a promise from me to give you immediate attention, and I should then delay you from day to-day, breaking my promises. Which is the most kind, to tell you frankly when I can and will listen to your affairs, and keep my promise, or to make kinder promises, but trifle with them? The only way to fulfil engagements is to fulfil them in their order. At eight o'clock I shall be at my office. At five this evening I will be at *Ellas-land*, and we will then see what can be done. Meanwhile, go and rest.'

She took my hand very kindly, and said :

'I rely upon you. Your very determined and precise mode of indicating your purpose to act at your own convenience, and in your own way, has an inspiring effect; but after all, if I were *Ella*, standing before you desolate and friendless, would you, could you defer me and my hopes? I was once as young and fresh as *Ella*, and as much loved. The whole world extended to me open palms, and lighted me along with smiles. Between that time and this I have been groping always on that part of the earth which was turned from the sun, hurrying to overtake the morning or to meet it, but keeping pace only with the deepest shadow of night. Oh! it seems like the dark valley of the shadow of death. But away down in the central recess of my heart is a gay little bird that sings of hope. Its song reaches no ear but mine. Often and often have I been about to lie down and die, but as it were at the last moment, the little bird would sing, and I lived. His songs became more frequent. In these later times another bird sings to him just in advance, and I am led on day by day, hour by hour, by the beckoning song of the companion-bird, and my soul keeps warm with the warbling and melodious response of the bird in my heart. Sometimes I forget my food, and often spend my nights sleepless, listening to these tuneful songsters. Last night the invisible companion-bird sung from my bed-post. Beautiful scenes opened before my waking dreams. At the peep of dawn the companion-bird flew from perch to perch, singing, and as it were beckoning away, and I have been following. But a moment since he seemed to be perched on the top of your head. Where has he flown? Did you say something of special providences? Did you tell me to wait till evening? My friend! my friend!'

It was obvious that our unhappy wanderer was only one step this side of fever and insanity, and that rest and affection were imminently needed. To encourage her rehearsals at that moment could only add fuel to the flame that was consuming her vital energies, both of mind and body. Yet, to leave her to pursue her fancies would be to leave her to wander farther and farther from repose, into utter wretchedness. There was an absolute and pressing necessity that her thoughts should

be directed into other channels, or at the least, from entire concentration upon a single theme. Without diversion repose would be impossible, and without repose there seemed to me no hope. But an attempted and unsuccessful diversion would only wound and exaggerate her sensibility, and weaken my influence. I felt as if every word and motion of mine would be like a step in the dark near a precipice. One mis-step and all might be lost. Her mind was so much absorbed in her theme, I do not think she was conscious that as I replied I commenced slowly walking toward *Ellas-land*, and that her movement corresponded with mine.

'The bird in your heart,' said I, 'may be your good angel. The companion-bird may be another angel sent in advance to welcome you to a whole company of angels. It betokens that you are not to be too anxious; you are not to work out your own fate; you are to be surrounded and over-shadowed by the white wings of a shining throng who will quiet and mould your thoughts for happiness. The companion-bird led you to me, and for the present has flown. Let us not rebel against these kind influences. Let us acknowledge this hint, that you are to leave every thing to me. Your birds sing no more to-day, and no more effort on your part to-day is required. The good FATHER will take His own time. If you were to seek some quiet place now and lie down, the bird would sing no more from your bed-post. Possibly you might be lulled to sleep by the gentle influence of good spirits, as it were by the sound of rustling leaves. If any advance could be made in your affairs by immediate attention, your companion-bird would have led you to some one not engaged as I am to-day in an affair altogether as anxious and critical as yours can be.'

'How can that be possible?' said the Florentine, expressing incredulity rather than inquiry.

'I will tell you,' said I. 'And it occurs to me that your companion-bird did me a kind act, also, in bringing you. I have in hand a matter of passion and pride; I am to try to minister to a mind diseased; and since you have experienced sorrows, I would like your criticism on my plan of treating the case.'

Here I paused to see if she was likely to permit her curiosity to be excited. She showed very little desire for me to tell the character of my engagement for the day; but by this time we were walking rather briskly, and after a short silence, I determined to push the experiment a step further, and proceeded to say:

'I am to meet an old miser, who made his fortune by the manufacture of star-candles from adulterated material, selling them by short weight, and putting the money at usury. He won such rest as often comes to the soles of unblest feet. Disease and death scattered his household. Frequent hearses besieged his gate. Not one was left him but a daughter, a wild, untrained girl, whose misfortune it was to be beautiful and lack all the safe-guards of beauty. The father drove her lover from his house: she met him elsewhere and was lost. She has been living for some months at a house of revel, in secret, but in shame. The old miser writhes under it, and has appealed to me for help. What can be done in such a case?'

No reply was made to my question. I continued :

'There is no law at all in the case, and consequently I might decline to interfere. Moreover, the old man wants to take it into Chancery, and into the Supreme Court of the United States, the places of all others where there is no possibility of taking it ; but a litigation in those courts expresses his idea of the sublime in the way of a fuss generally. Down to this time the affair has been but little known, but he now wishes to give publicity to all its unhappy details. It was brought about in part by his threatening to disinherit his daughter, if she spoke again to her lover, and on finding himself disobeyed, he told her, not expecting to be believed, that she should never again cross his threshold unless she would abandon her lover's acquaintance. Law can do nothing with such a case ; but I have become an amateur of sensations. I am curious to see what would be the effect upon both father and daughter of a reconciliation.

'Take pains to reconcile to her father *such a creature as that ?*' inquired the Florentine, beginning to show some interest.

'As an amateur,' said I, 'merely as an amateur. The old man is very miserable. He has nothing to love but his money and his daughter. He tries to keep up a show of resolution, by threats of persecuting her, but I see through it. It shows him unspeakably wretched and ill at ease. He must have relief or he will die. It has run through my mind in this way. His soul and his daughter's are kindred, and although held apart by raging sin, really might do each other good. Now, my friend, suppose these two souls should be left apart, to go by different roads, aching down to darkness, in all eternity to desire and hate each other, but never meet, father and daughter wandering, unhappy, in all eternity never to meet, but to each other lost, lost, lost !'

'What can you do ?' said the Florentine.

'This is my plan. He never would have come to me in the matter, if he had not imagined me to possess a certain superiority. This shows that I possess the means of mastery over him. I must do as the doctors do, look wise and give him medicines. But the first thing is a blister. I will break him into my line of treatment by a test, which, if successful, will put an end to all obstinacy on his part. At precisely eight o'clock I will be seated in the office. He will come in. He will inquire how I do this morning. I will make him no answer. He will put some other question. I will not answer. After a few moments' hesitation I will light a segar for myself and offer him one. He will decline : he hates tobacco like poison. I will puff at my segar until he comes directly to his business, I will then throw away my segar, and indicate my interest. I will say I have been thinking it over. That it is a matter full of difficulty and responsibility. That I see hopes of success, but also foresee the pains it will cost. I cannot undertake it, unless he will pay me one thousand dollars immediately, and more when I want it.'

'That was not the way you treated me,' said the Florentine.

'But his case, you observe, is a case for a blister. His disease at the present moment is in his daughter. The only other vital thing about him is his money. I must put my hands in his pocket, just as blisters

are put on the feet to cure certain diseases of the head. He will groan, and protest, but he will pay me. I will exact one other condition, which, after paying one thousand dollars, will seem easy ; it will be like homœopathic sugar-pellets to allopathic pills. He must agree to be governed implicitly by my advice, even if I should require him to forgive his daughter, and take her home to live with him ?

‘Do you think he will ever agree to that ?’ inquired the lady.

‘He will appear,’ said I, ‘to protest and object, but finally to yield under a sort of compulsion. The truth is, it is above all things the course he is aching to find a pretence for. He will agree to let me carry her any messages I choose, as from him : in a word, he will, in confidence with me, acknowledge himself willing to do or say any thing to win back his child. I will then promise not to humble him too much before her, and to take care to place her in a state of mind favorable to the exercise on his part of wholesome authority over her. He will almost hug me for that.’

‘And what then ?’ said the Florentine.

‘Then,’ said I, ‘the work is nearly accomplished. All the rest is easy. I select a bouquet of choice, fragrant flowers, not large nor with too much color, but delicate, suggestive of modesty and innocence. I go to the house where she is : I am told she is not there, or perhaps declines to see me. I say : ‘Very well, then I will call the police ; it is optional to put me to that trouble or not ; and, by the way, the trouble is not much, for one is waiting to be called, just around the corner.’ I am let in, and soon Miss makes her appearance. She is not yet accustomed to shame and contempt, and meets me timidly, not without a certain shrinking and confusion of manner. After preparing the way, I tell her I have recently seen her father. She bites her nails, but makes no reply. A tear begins to glisten in her eye, but whether of vexation or sorrow, of course I cannot tell. I hand her the bouquet, and say her father sent it. She looks at me with surprise and doubt, but kisses the flowers, and inquires if her father is well. I tell her he is far from well : there appears to be but one step between him and the grave. His heart is broken. She will sob, weep, or go into hysterics. I will manage that she does not quit sobbing or hysterics till I have completely gained her confidence. She will then ask to be taken to her father. I will make difficulties. She shall understand it is no easy matter. I will ask if she is not happy where she is, as if I looked to the probability of her remaining. She will say she is not happy, that she is a fool, and very miserable, and might as well die and go to hell at once, as live so. That her lover has become neglectful and tyrannical, and she sees no course open to her but absolute degradation. She will promise to make any acknowledgment to her father, to get down on her knees to him, any thing, if he will take her home. She will never see her lover more. But I will say to her that she should marry him. ‘He will not marry such as I am !’ she will say, and then comes another flood or frenzy. ‘Proud people do not buy cheap goods,’ she will say, or something to that effect. Then I will rise from my seat and pace the room with apparent excitement of manner and say : ‘But you are as good as he is. He ought to marry you, and he must and shall marry you. Obey me, be firm, and he shall certainly marry you.’

‘O Sir!’ she will say, ‘I am sunk very low; but I cannot accept a husband who offers or consents only upon compulsion to make me his wife. I can beg, I can starve, I can die, but that I cannot do. Oh! pardon me, Sir; *that* I will not for a moment think of. While there is blood in these veins, there will be life to bite a hole large enough to let life out; and so long as the pulsations of this heart may be stopped at will, so long will it revolt. No, Sir, no! any thing but that.’

‘But, Miss,’ I will say; ‘the beauty of my plan is, that he shall offer to be your husband, plead with you for the privilege, protest that he cannot live without you, and threaten to kill himself if you reject him.’

‘She will shake her head sorrowfully, and moan, and say:

‘Such a thing might have been! O my God! but not any more possible for me. Oh! no, no, not for *me*.’

‘To which I will reply: ‘But I say, yes, yes; not no, no; it is possible, more than possible, it positively shall happen. The only condition, is, that you shall promise to act as I require, and then, at all hazards, not fail to fulfil your promise.’

‘Do you think, Madam,’ said I to the Florentine, ‘that the young woman will agree to follow my advice?’

‘Follow it!’ said she. ‘The girl will drink in the hardest conditions you can impose, as a thirsty person drinks water. She will be as docile as a pet lamb that runs frisking and bleating, to the hand that feeds it. You must not hold up such promises not to be fulfilled. You have no right to lift the poor girl to the skies only to dash her again into the pit!’

‘Poor girl!’ said I, ‘such a creature as that!’

The Florentine was not in a mood to appreciate a joke. I proceeded to say, I would remove the girl to costly apartments, where the first object meeting her eye should be her mother’s portrait, and where she should receive respectable protection. I would have her amply supplied with new clothing, very rich, but very plain, such as might adorn a vestal. Gew-gaws and meretricious ornaments she should have none. Every former vestment should be consigned to the flames. The past should be made to seem to be really in the distance. She should see all the symbols of a new and purer life, and breathe a new atmosphere. I will tell her father about it; but as yet he shall not see her. Presently her lover begins to wonder at the change; he doubts if he was so fortunate as he supposed himself, in getting rid of her. He thinks her very beautiful, and calls to see her. She receives him with patient modesty, but will see him only in the presence of others. He calls again and again with similar results. I make it a point to meet him, and request him not to bother the young woman with calls. I tell him that she had been greatly thrown from her balance by harsh treatment from her father, and by believing herself necessary to his, her lover’s happiness, but she had discovered her error. She would lead a different life hereafter. She might never return to her father, but her father would always supply her with the means of living elegantly and honestly. It was a sin and a shame to have ruined the prospects of such a girl, but his visits would be no longer tolerated. He was not worthy of her. If she ever marries, I will say, it will be some man whom she respects.

This will only inflame him the more. He will beset her with bouquets and billet-doux, and consume himself with sighs. In short, they will be married. It may be perhaps a private marriage; and it will not be necessary to advise the world that it did not take place when it ought to have taken place. Then her father welcomes them home. The two souls, father and daughter, shall cling more fondly than ever together, and not wander separate and sorrowful for ever. But here is *Ellas-land*!

I explained to your mother the urgency of the necessity that the Florentine should have rest and food. She appeared to take a good deal of interest in what I had told her, and I hoped the diversion of her thoughts would be in season. On my return in the evening I found she had slept, but had eaten little. She was reclining on a lounge. Her mind was clear, and free from excitement, but she was languid, and acknowledged herself too weary to tell me the history of her troubles at that time. During the night she had considerable head-ache, and in the morning a fever set in. Its character did not long remain doubtful. It was our old dread: that low, baffling, deceptive fever, the typhoid.

A VISIT TO INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

BY MARY E. THROPP.

UP
Through the shaded walk, into the State-House,
Walked AGATHA and I, one clear, bright morn
In early spring. A moment, and we stood
Within the silent hall whence, years ago,
Issued the wisdom of those men whose bays
Float brightening down the tide of time
For ever. 'T is a large, plain room, hung round
With portraits, images of men whose names
Gleam brightly in the galaxy of fame.
Dependent from the ceiling, a chandelier
Pours intercepted light through countless prisms
In rain-bow radiance o'er the room. On high,
Mid-way of the far wall, over against
The entrance, perches the brazen eagle,
Our country's emblem. Conspicuously
Beneath stands WASHINGTON in statue; here,
As in history, alone, unequalled.
Europe has had her heroes, Albion
Her warrior-monarchs, and Corsica
Gave Gaul its red, far-flashing meteor:
But thou, America, young, favored land,
Hast fixed upon the firmament of fame
The cynosure of nations. 'Come hither,'
Called my friend: 'come! sit here where I have sat:
I'll tell my countrymen, when I return to Greece,
How I reclined me in the chair
Honored by WASHINGTON.'

I've never cringed
To mortal: no living wight bears spirit
Prouder than my own; but reverently
Before that chair I stood, nor dared to touch
The seat once hallowed by his presence.
Later, and up the winding stairs we took
Our toilsome way e'en to the interior
Of the clock; itself a room, its mechanism
In the centre; the four circular windows
Its four faces; to which the citizens
That throng the streets look up and see
On every side of the square tower, true
As truth itself their faithful monitor.
Down in the room below, the pendulum,
That great pulse-beat of time, swings to-and-fro.
Up, on we went, nor passed unnoticed
The bell whose iron mouth to all the land
Sang out the song of freedom! Pacific
Heard it borne along by echoing Andes;
And, kneeling on the shore, its mighty waves
Took up the tune; and ever on their march
From pole to pole, they chant it forth afar
To listening lands in solemn unison.
Higher and still more high, and then we stood
Within the open steeple. 'How glorious!'
Exclaimed my friend. 'How more than beautiful!
The city girt with rivers, the blue sky,
And that white building to the west away,
With gleaming columns, so like the Parthenon!
'T is almost like a morn in my far clime.
Ah! Greece, thou dear, delightful land!' She ceased,
Looked dreamily toward the College,
And tears, large tears, suffused her soft, dark eyes.
Her gentle breast heaved with a sigh, and then
I left her side, for well I knew her thoughts
Were far away, and busy with the past.
O'er the vast, irregular mass of roofs,
Chimneys, and tops of trees just visible
Between, glancing at spire and gilded dome
With crowning cross shining like a pale planet
In the sun-light, my eye roved on, and there
Far to the south, where sky and landscape meet,
Saw the blue, lordly Delaware move on,
Majestically slow, receive and bear
Rejoicing Schuylkill onward to the sea.
Delightedly I gazed and long: enjoying
The pure breeze, gladdening sun-light, and low hum
That from the busy streets below ascended
Lullingly: like the far-off murmuring
Of water-fall; and thought anon of Hellas,
Unhappy, ruined Hellas: beautiful
But sad, mourning o'er her lost liberty,
Lost power, and perished glory: yet
To the fond wanderer's heart lovelier
In all her woe, than our young rising land
Of giant promise.

Ere we descended
Once more to the vast, lighted scene below,
I turned then to the calm, o'er-arching sky,
And, like the old Milesian, thanked my God
That I was born in such a land as this!

Way-Side, Valley-Forge, May, 1856.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART EIGHT.

WE have a receptacle for lost property, and many a strange article is picked up in these cars. It would astonish the curious to see the odd combination of waifs that lie in confusion in this treasury. The limbo of Milton is common-place in the comparison :

'COWLS, hoods, and habits, tossed
And fluttered into rags : then relics, beads ;' etc. ;

such strange, incomprehensible little articles of female apparel ! What abstruse mysteries are revealed ! What fruitful suggestions are furnished to those 'curious in that way,' of the myriad appliances necessary to compose the female figure ! What tell-tale discoveries of the fanciful wants and necessities of manly nature too ! What odd juxtaposition of things abhorrent of each other ! Fancy, for instance, a lady's silken garter lying in dumb unconsciousness cosily between the thumb and finger of the glove of some careless gentleman ! But I will resist the temptation and not disclose too fully the secrets of 'our mystery.'

The most marvellous thing that ever fell in my way in this manner (as no owner ever called for it) I took the liberty of laying violent hands upon. One day as I had just discharged my cargo at the end of the route, I was passing as usual through my car to pick up any estray that escaped from the passengers, when my attention was attracted to a crumpled mass of paper that seemed covered with curious marks as it lay at my feet. I stooped rather mechanically to examine it more closely as I passed, when the very strange characters inscribed upon it excited my curiosity and induced me to pick it up. Having gotten it into my possession, my curiosity was aroused more than ever. I now discovered the paper to be a very closely and minutely written manuscript on several sheets of very thin paper that had been folded into so many creases as to present a superficies scarcely more than two or three inches square on either side. It had partially lost its folds, and was soiled with marks of having been trampled under foot. From this I inferred that, like most lost MSS., it was thought by those who might have seen it, to be of no use except to the owner ; but I looked at it more narrowly. The characters inscribed upon it looked very like the pot-hooks we used to make at school in our birchen days, when the 'twig was bent' for us. I could not satisfy myself to throw this paper away, although I could scarcely tell why I did not. Having a passion for scribbling in my early youth, I always entertained a kind of respect for manuscripts, and felt a twinge of compunction at the sight of a written page tossed and tumbled in the dust and mire. Be that as it

may, without puzzling my will further, I followed Hoyle's precept wherein he so very astutely says: 'When in doubt, take the trick.' I knocked the dust from the paper, and, crumpling it in my hand, went on with my duties.

Going down-town that day I encountered a very ingenious scholar, who had often spoken kindly to me as he rode in my cars, and in whom I had early discovered a ready and eager eye for the marvellous. I showed him the document. He examined it with much care, and begged permission to take it. He felt assured it was written language, and he could decipher it. The next day he returned me the papers, and told me very triumphantly he had unravelled the whole matter. It was a letter or diary written by the two little Aztecs (who some years ago were in this city) for the benefit of their friends at home in IXYMAYA, and it had either miscarried or was a draft thrown away after having been copied. The manner of folding the paper was probably Ixymayan. It was wonderful how such an immense wilderness of marks and characters had ever been inscribed on these few pages. The chirography was peculiar, as I have stated, and also in some degree resembled writing backward and bottom-side upward. The language proved to be composed of exceedingly bad broken English, interspersed with a great many unpronounceable words, which, as my friend told me, he had only been able to fathom from their close resemblance to the dialect of ZOHAR MOSES the elder, an early Hebrew author, whom he was then studying, with whose literary remains he was familiar. His mode of arriving at the letters and spelling the words was rather novel, and he communicated the invaluable secret to me in a forcible whisper. He had stood upon his head and read the MSS. from the bottom to the top, and volunteered to put me in the same position that I too might read. I begged to be excused, and (with an ingenuity that my friend seemed never to be tired of admiring) I turned the MSS. upside down instead of myself, and then, by the aid of my friend, these mysterious and cabalistic words were gradually unravelled to my poor understanding.

There was something so striking and peculiar in the situation of these pigmy adventurers among us, that I have fancied a translation into readable English, of some parts of their MSS. would not be uninteresting. I purpose to give, without further preface, a few passages from it, such as I deem most worthy of notice. After some few common-places and exclamations of wonder at the strange sights presented to them their MSS. proceed: 'Since we set out upon our travels into this funny Empire we have been so bewildered with prodigious marvels we scarcely know whether we dream or are wide awake. We are now in a place the natives call A CITY.' [This is an ingenuous allusion to New-York.] 'It consists of a great many stones, of many colors, forms, and sizes, piled up together in various plain or fantastic shapes, and the people live in the holes left between them. They call these holes 'houses,' and they have them arranged in rows adjoining each other, so that in case of fire a great many can burn together at the same time. For you must know that these creatures here worship FIRE as well as more enlightened mortals like ourselves.'

'On great festal occasions too, when they illuminate the city by burning up a hundred or two of these dwelling-places, to their credit we must say, they devoutly offer up to their gods some dozen or so of human beings (such as they are) beside. Indeed, of all people we have encountered, none seem so worthy your prayers, and in the matter of human sacrifices so much after the manner of our own faith. Though their offerings are shabby enough, they are as good as they can procure. They do not, as in some countries to the southward, through which we have passed, limit themselves to persons accused or suspected of crime or insolent language. Criminals (after a few months' imprisonment in the same cell with the witnesses arrayed against them) they put through a mock trial 'for the sake of vindicating the majesty of justice' as they term it, and then set them free as unfit offerings and unworthy of sacrifice. Self-destruction is one of their favorite religious ceremonies. They are, in this respect, very unlike the natives of many dull countries where we have been, in which this mode of divine worship is carried on, as it were, almost by stealth, under color of an occasional suicide or murder. These 'New-Yorker peoples' do understand this business better.'

'We will try and give you a little idea of their way of doing it. They use for this purpose a kind of large boats, propelled without sails, and sometimes wagons, moved without horses, by the mere power of 'the smoke of hot water.' Periodically, at short intervals, they load these boats or 'wagons,' as the case may be, as fully as they can be crammed with human beings, and then proceed with great pomp and rejoicing to the noble duty of immolating them. They resort to a pious fraud in obtaining victims, which may perhaps be pardoned in the barbarians, but cannot be justified. I refer to the questionable expedients resorted to for the purpose of filling the boats and wagons. They give out that a party of pleasure is to be gotten up, *impromptu*, for an excursion, and all persons are invited to participate upon payment of a nominal fee; or they cause it to be noised about that the 'wagons' will convey the passenger many hundred miles and return him safely for a petty sum of money, with only 'baggage at the risk of the owner.' By such means, I am persuaded, many are induced to embark upon board these boats and to ride in the 'wagons' who do not contemplate the 'pious uses' to which they are devoted.'

'But to proceed. These boats contain some powerfully explosive substance, and when the boat is fairly on the deep, so that the victims cannot escape, the whole concern is blown into the air in a million fragments. The priest who conducts the holocaust, disguised as captain of the vessel, generally manages to escape; but the passengers are very religiously prevented from such a profane sacrilege by the crew (instantly they discover the crisis at hand) seizing the boats and filling and capsizing them, they drowning themselves lest there should be a charge of partiality.'

'The 'sacrifice by wagon' is more exhilarating still. The same propelling power urges two 'wagons,' from opposite directions, along an iron groove, upon which the wheels run with tremendous velocity; and when they come in collision, the crash is like the fall of a thunderbolt,

and not unfrequently an hundred victims are thus devoutly offered up at once to 'THE GREAT SOLAR RING.'

'After this devout ceremony is over, the high-priests, called '*Coroners*,' and twelve priests of a lower rank, called '*Jurors*,' are assembled, and witnesses are examined as to the degree of merit and skill manifested by the respective managers of the opposing 'wagons.' It seems the cardinal point kept in view in conducting this sacrifice is, to effect the collision so instantaneously and unexpectedly, and with such entire destruction of each 'wagon' and contents, that it shall be impossible to detect who contributed least to the magnificent result. If the '*Jurors*' find the performance to have been clumsily executed, and some of the victims mangled and not killed outright, the 'wagon' conductors are treated as common criminals in the manner we have before mentioned; nay, sometimes they are even degraded from their rank, and deprived of the *insignia* and emoluments of office. But if it be ascertained '*no body is to blame*' (which is their slang expression of approbation) the conductors are continued or promoted in office, and rich presents are made them by the people who own the 'wagons.'

There is a scrap of these precious little wretches' view of the 'working of our institutions.' There is an immense deal more of the MSS. I think this will suffice at present, for a taste of the quality of the lilliputian monsters. I shall doubtless transcribe more of it hereafter.

T O A M I N I A T U R E .

THE pictured face still wears the charm
 Her real presence used to wear,
 When, circled by my loyal arm,
 She let me gaze enchanted there.

But since no more with dimpled wiles,
 She deigns my fondness to betray,
 Why cherish these unchanging smiles,
 Whose fickle types have passed away?

A dearer arm now circles her,
 Her beauty wiles a dearer heart;
 Ah! lost Love's sad remembrancer!
 'T is time for thee and me to part.

Go, then! nor shall resentment find
 A harsher wish to send with thee,
 Than that thy presence may remind
 How fondly once she smiled on me!

W. P. F.

New - York, 1856.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE GREY-BAY MARE: and other Humorous American Sketches. By HENRY P. LELAND. With numerous Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 314. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

HERE now is a book which is the *very thing* to take up in a rail-road car or on board a steam-boat, wherewith to 'while away the hours.' It is running over with a pleasant and various humor, and there is variety enough to satisfy the veriest lover of novelty, how studious soever of change he may be. Certain of the sketches under the writer's signature have already appeared in our pages, and been widely copied throughout the Union. There is much in common between Mr. HENRY P. LELAND, and his brother, (*par nobile fratrum*.) CHARLES G. LELAND. Both are accomplished scholars and travellers: they have a similar eye for the ridiculous and the burlesque; and a kindred ease and felicity of style. Our readers are too familiar with the manner of 'H. P. L.' to require more than a single 'touch of his quality' in a hitherto unpublished sketch—an admirable and effective satire upon the excessive 'hoop-a-doodle' follies of our time:

'H O O P H U R R A H !

'PREFACE.

'THINGS as they are.
Vive la Bizarre.

'INTRODUCTION.

'KEEP cool! and let me introduce you to Miss BLANCHE CERCEAU.

'CHAPTER I.

'AND I waited in the drawing-room, till I thought my hair would grow gray before she would appear. The carriage was at the door; it was a bitter cold night; I could hear the coachman swinging and slapping his arms to keep his hands warm. I had wound up the musical box for excitement, and listened to its soulless jingle for occupation; I had made the little King CHARLES spaniel stand on his hind legs till he began to think that was his normal position. I tried with my right hand to coax 'Uncle NED' out of the piano—much to the chagrin of that grand instrument, whose mission was classical music. I beat a retreat from the realm of sweet sounds to that of sweet feelings—my patent-leather boots were awful tight. In blissful agony I heard, at last, the opening of a door, a musical laugh, the rustle of silks, and there before me, just giving

Literary Notices.

the last tightening to her glove-lace, was BLANCHE CERCEAU. Such a seraphic smile, such a cooing voice.

“And did I keep him waiting? — the dear little ARTHUR! And did he grow fretful?”

“In the lexicon of Politeness which Fate has ordained for a bright man-of-the-world, there is no such word as Fretful!” I answered. I had been studying this answer for two hours — BULWER gave the lesson. As I replied, my eyes fell on the ball-costume of BLANCHE. The Pyramids of Egypt were evidently intended to be represented by that dress, her head the apex, and the bottom of her skirt the base. I had to open my eyes twice to take in the full circumference, there was no end to that lower hoop! “Can she get out of the front-door,” thought I; “granted, yet can she get into the carriage? Had n’t I better ride outside with the driver?” I mildly asked her this last thought. She answered:

“Never, dear ARTHUR, on such a night as this! Ride inside, only put your feet up on the cushions; then, I can stand up.”

“Kind-hearted BLANCHE,” thought I, “what sacrifices you make for one you love!” I entered the carriage first, it was not gallant, but then she insisted on it! Then she came in — *how* I can’t tell, but she did it. And standing up like a Hippodrome girl in her chariot, and holding on to the hand-straps, off we started to attend Madame RAVENCOURT’s grand ball.

‘CHAPTER II.

“It was a full house; how it would have gladdened the heart of a prima-donna, at a dollar a head! Through the crush of human beings I swept onward with BLANCHE; once only I thought it was all up with the whale-bones, but we got through, a little bent, but still elastic: occasionally a passer-by would sweep the skirts round till I saw those daintily *chaussé* tiny feet, and her figure looked like a dinner-bell cut in two; but the wave swept on, and the pyramid was a pyramid.

“Will you waltz?” I said to her as the music sounded.

“Oh! no! I never waltz now!” “Confound those hoops,” thought I. But we ‘did’ a quadrille — very easily. Only two steps, and the figure was complete; an awkward step from the gentleman vis-a-vis, and rip went the lady’s skirts, hoops, etc.; then came apologies, retreat to the dressing-room — repairs impossible — had to send home for the carriage — and instead of having a splendid evening BLANCHE and I — she sat down on the seat now, and I took her dear little gloved hand in mine and poured consolation into her heart — rode home before eleven o’clock. O horrors!

‘CHAPTER III.

“In a few days BLANCHE and I will be married. Hoop, hurrah! The wedding-ring — I wish it was some other shape, it reminds me so much of hoops — now lies on my table. And that cart-load of whale-bone I saw going into her house, one day last week: ‘BLANCHE,’ said I, ‘is there an umbrella manufactory near you?’ — reminds me that the bridal dresses — à la Pyramids of Egypt — are being built.

“BLANCHE has n’t been to church for three months — owing to the narrowness of the pews, and the width of her hoops.

‘CHAPTER IV.

“And I sit down in my arm-chair, and wonder if such things can be possible, and if what was, was right. And I’ve come to the conclusion that every thing is that is.

“My wedding-day! ‘Now, old boy!’ I soliloquized, ‘you can only go through this operation once in your life — three or four times at the outside. Just raise the window and see if there are any unusual operations going on in the heavens above, or in the garden below, or over in the neighbors’ houses the other side of the street. Nothing! Then Nature is unassuming. There’ll be a row to-day, somewhere!’

“Prophetic words! We were to be married in church *en grande tenue*: at ten o’clock in the morning. The hour came, carriages, friends, etc., along with it; we went to the church. We descended, walked up to the door — side-door — very narrow — bride could n’t get through — could n’t get into church. Hoops too large, door too small. I grew as red in the face as a boiled lobster. ‘Put her through,’ I gasped, confused, agitated, and vulgar!

“‘Sir-r-r!’ said BLANCHE, ‘such language at such a time!’

“We reentered the carriage, ditto the friends theirs, returned to the bride’s house, and then I, ARTHUR O’BANDYLEGGE, received a formal dismissal. I got the sack, Mlle. BLANCHE CERCEAU retains the hoops. Shall I not write:

‘THINGS as they are!
Vive la Bizarre!’

Who is it in Philadelphia who so far excels our own artists in getting up

gold-and-color covers for books like the one before us? Some of them are quite triumphs of pictorial and ornamental effect, as in the present instance. There would be little left to be desired, if the designs were secured to thicker boards. The book is well printed, and very clearly and liberally illustrated.

HUMAN LIFE: OR PRACTICAL ETHICS. Translated from the German of DE WETTE. By Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the MESSIAH, New-York. In two volumes: pp. 777. Boston and Cambridge: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE lectures contained in these volumes were delivered to a promiscuous audience in Basle, in the years 1822 and 1823, and were intended to meet the wants of the various professions and classes in that city. They were given in two courses: one upon general or theoretical, the other upon particular or practical ethics. According to the author's advice, the second course has here been fully translated; while a compendium of the first course has been thrown into the form of an 'introduction'—a most careful and comprehensive synopsis of the entire course. The able and accomplished translator, as we are assured by those who are among the foremost German students and scholars in this country, has performed his task with marked ability. He has caught the German *concentrativeness* of idiom with entire success. Our two volumes of this work are dog's-eared with turned-down leaves for extract: but the following passage, under the division of 'Inspiration,' is all for which we can find room:

'INSPIRATION exalts the courage of the brave; it strengthens the power of patience that might else at last succumb, if the spirit were not invigorated by the cheerful hope of future redemption, future victory. In the hope of victory, in pursuit of the enemy, the warrior bears all adversities and privations, while the defeated give way beneath their burden: so that even the wounds of the victor heal sooner than those of the vanquished. But even if there is no longer hope of life, and the sufferer sees clearly that nothing but death can release him, the prospect of a fairer world strengthens his wavering heart; of that world, where the force of pain and human wickedness does not reach; where blissful peace, untroubled rapture, prevails: amid the discords of earthly existence, he believes in the eternal harmony in which all things, and his own immortal nature, will one day join; he feels himself not made to breathe out his life weakly in sobs; his spirit is strong and free, and preserves its inward energy for a higher destiny.

'Inspiration exalts our courage and energy, and makes us accomplish more than we could otherwise do; it awakens in us hopes that transcend results, and can never be fulfilled; it places before us heavenly forms, so that, with longing effort, we reach out our hands toward them; but, while we seem to be near them, they have vanished, the end of life is placed further back, and we begin the career anew. And thus it must be. Ah! what would life be, should we conform our hopes to the cold reality, and attempt nothing which we could not fully achieve? We could not then accomplish what we now do. How poor should we be, if, satisfied by what has been attained, we stood still in our course, and withdrew our gaze from that which lies before us! No! longing hope is fairer than all fulfilment; the thirst for the heavenly draught refreshes more than any earthly refreshment. And hope, while it beguiles, does not deceive us; in it is eternal truth; and the reality, which does not correspond to it, alone falsifies. The bright dawn of hope, which meets us upon the entrance of life, is followed by a sultry, cloudy day; but, in the evening of life, it appears again as the empurpled twilight, and shows us the way to that fairer land, where a bright, eternal day is ever in its dawning beauty, and never deceives the heart; and, if we turn our gaze faithfully thither, all the deceptions we have experienced will not take away our trust. We undertake every work with cheerful hope, and in the prospect of accomplishing something fair and noble, of providing an enduring advantage for life; but, as soon as it is finished, it no longer answers our expectations. As the child runs up the hill to reach the rainbow

which appears to rest upon it, so every enterprise charms us by its brightness and splendor, and, when finished, seems naked and bare; we clearly recognize all the defects and gaps, and turn to a new enterprise, in which we pass through the same experience. How the world shines and dazzles the eyes of the lovers, when they pledge their faith to each other! the door of Paradise seems open before them; but alas! a garden full of thorns and thistles meets their view, and, in the happiest cases, true friendship cheers and lightens their grievous pilgrimage. Do they stand at its end yet in close embrace, and their hearts yet beat with love for each other? and has gratitude exalted their love? Still the fair dream of hope remains unfulfilled; that ideal of a life of unclouded, glorified, blessed love has not been realized. With what hopeful anticipations the mother receives her new-born child into her arms! how she watches for every movement of soul in her expanding boy! and what fond predictions she makes concerning him! Perhaps he gives her much joy and honor; but her anticipations surpass the reality. The artist glows with ardor and expectation, when he plans a new work, and hopes to produce something illustrious; but when it is completed, he hears with trembling the judgments of critics. Hailed with jubilee, the young prince, full of lofty purposes and cheerful prospects, ascends the throne of his father; but, at the evening of life, he surveys with displeasure his day's work, and his fairest hopes remain unfulfilled. And yet, had he not cherished these hopes in his bosom, he would have accomplished still less: they held him up, gave him power and ardor, and raised him above the vulgar level.

With the same joyful confidence, with the same glad hopes, we ought also to regard the efforts, the undertakings of others, partly in order to cheer them by our sympathy and presence, partly in order to invigorate and elevate ourselves. Nothing is more fatal than mistrust of the purposes and actions of others; this is the poison of the moral world. It not only prevents sympathy, without which nothing great succeeds, but it calls forth that hostile prudence which stands in the way of great enterprises. Selfishness will often associate itself with this mistrust — anxiety for the reputation, emolument, influence, that have been acquired; and also envy.

Our commendation of this work must cease with a tribute to its external execution. It is well printed, upon good paper.

LIFE IN BRAZIL: or a Journal of a Visit to the Land of the Cocoa and the Palm. With an Appendix. By THOMAS EWBANK. In one volume: pp. 469. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Pearl-street, Franklin Square.

ASIDE from the main subject-matter of this large, comprehensive, and most liberally and excellently illustrated volume, (it has over one hundred engravings,) it is enriched by an appendix which contains illustrations of ancient South-American arts, in recently-discovered implements and products of domestic industry, and works in stone, pottery, gold, silver, bronze, etc. Beside 'church affairs' — and Mr. EWBANK does n't seem to be a Catholic; 'on the contrary, quite the reverse' — he claims to have 'noted whatever interested him, and that was nearly every thing: arts, manners, customs, buildings, trade, tools, pottery, food, slaves, animals, agricultural products, climate, diseases, population, antiquities, etc.' The volume is, in fact, a full miscellanea of tropical life. We were not a little amused with our author's description of his sea-voyage. Like a practical man, as he is, and following out the 'specification' and illustrative system of the Patent-Office, of which he was, for a long time, the Commissioner, he has given us two diagrams, representing the ship's motions in a storm. These are exactly defined: the slightest lurch or pitch, and every variation from the horizontal which the vessel's deck underwent, were accurately delineated and recorded, with their direction and comparative extent. The *modus-operandi* is an ingenious invention of the writer himself. NEPTUNE! what lines and conglomerations of

straight and crooked lines! No wonder they suffer with the *nausea-marina* who 'go down to the sea in ships.' If there was the slightest savor of bilgewater in the pure odors, redolent of June, that take possession of the atmosphere around 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' this morning, it would assuredly make us sea-sick to look at these diagrams of plunging, gliding, rolling, pitching, shooting, and jumping!

We noted many passages as we ran over Mr. EWBANK's book, of which it was our intention to quote not a few, and at least to advert to others. But the work itself is before the public, and to its pages we must commend our readers: contenting ourselves with a single extract, describing the manner in which negro-witches cure patients in Brazil: 'My friend the vicar had a lad long troubled with a bruised leg. The sore resisted all his attempts to heal it. As a last resource, a colored 'wise woman' was consulted. She raised a smoke of dried herbs, scattered over the wound, made motions as if stitching its lips up, put on a cataplasm of herbs, sent him home, and in a week he was well! Another young slave had a diseased foot: nothing seemed to do it good: and at length his owner gave him leave to visit a dark sorceress, who talked to it, made signs over it, rubbed it with oil, covered it with a plaster, and in a few days *he* was sound, too! Earth-worms, fried alive in olive-oil, and applied warm as a poultice, remove whitlows, which are common among blacks and whites. Senhora PERES tells me she thus cured one of her slaves. The same thing has been done in another family.' The foregoing passage shows us how greatly *imagination* may be made to favor the application of remedial medicaments. Doubtless there was little virtue in the agents employed, and less in the incantations and manipulations of the 'wise' operators: but the imagination of the patient made him 'whole from that hour.' And here, 'may it please the court, we rest.'

ART, SCENERY, AND PHILOSOPHY IN EUROPE: being Fragments from the Port-folio of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1855.

LITERARY CRITICISMS AND OTHER PAPERS: by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: PARRY & McMILLAN. 1856.

THE name of the late Mr. HORACE BINNEY WALLACE awakens amid the somewhat limited circle in which he was personally known, the most painful as well as the most pleasing emotions. A profound disappointment, an incurable grief, mingles with the pride and joy occasioned by the recollection of his genius, his accomplishments, his moral purity and elevation, and his social graces; and with the few and fragmentary but noble specimens of his intelligence which are left for our appreciation in the two volumes which have appeared of his writings. His life, up to its melancholy close in Paris, nearly four years ago, was but a preparation; and all he was, at the last, but a promise of what he would have been. They who had watched the unfolding of his understanding, and seen its easy and marvellous trial-playing, subject in all things to the law of truth, might well anticipate a

ready recognition of his greatness, whenever he should apply its full strength in orderly earnestness to the dignified purposes in our age and country awaiting such capacity and virtue; and they may be pardoned if they regard his untimely death as one of the weightiest of the misfortunes which have recently befallen the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER, replying to an observation that in the new generation there were none to take the places of those illustrious men who had hitherto been the chief guides and trusts of the nation, referred to Mr. WALLACE as equal to all duties, all offices, all successions. 'The development of great characters,' he said, 'has always been one of my most favorite studies; and I doubt whether history displays at thirty years of age a loftier nature, or one more universally and profoundly cultivated.' When Mr. WEBSTER was Secretary of State, he caused it to be intimated to Mr. WALLACE that any place in the gift of the government, subject to his influence, awaited his acceptance, whatever the claims of States or partisans. Mr. WALLACE had no desire for such distinctions. He watched, with an intense interest, the fluctuations of affairs, and would have shrunk from no imperative necessity of serving his country, in any position; but he was a gentleman, and instinctively shunned association with such men as in a democracy are apt to occupy the general attention. He preferred to exercise his faculties for the public welfare in appeals to the common reason, commanding regard only by their inherent force and wisdom. His thoughts were occupied with important studies, and the contemplation of important works, which, had he lived for their execution, would have been a means of larger and more enduring influence than attends the most eminent official activity. The noble endeavors which he proposed to himself are partially disclosed in a letter addressed, a few days before his death, to the Rev. Dr. MCCINTOCK, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and included in the first volume of which the title is given at the beginning of this notice.

As we have mentioned, he died in Paris. There AUGUSTE COMTE, 'the BACON of the nineteenth century,' became acquainted with him. Like Mr. WEBSTER, though his opportunities of knowing him were necessarily few and imperfect, he did not fail to apprehend how much Mr. WALLACE surpassed the average of mankind. In the preface to his *Système de Politique Positive*, published in 1853, he says of him: 'Free from all affectation, his culture, both æsthetical and scientific, was in perfect harmony with his fine organization. Although he gave his youth in part to literary efforts, his spontaneous and free communications to me authorize the belief that he would have distinguished himself in active life, in a country where the noble citizen is greater even than the officer of state. I do not exaggerate his merits in ranking him as the equal of the greatest of American statesmen.'

These recognitions of Mr. WALLACE's character have an undoubted authority, and they are justified by the contents of these two volumes. Yet the splendor of his abilities was felt in its entirety only by those who were in some sort fitted to be his judges by a mental and moral congeniality, and who had the happiness of hearing his best conversation. Glowing as are many of his paragraphs with creative energy, and luminous with the concentrated light of experience and reflection, they lack the charm and fre-

quently amazing power of his modestly and quietly-delivered discourse, in which the sweep of his thoughts suffered none of the paralyzing influence of a mechanical expression. The admirable classical training of his earlier years, the discursive but methodical reading of his ripening youth, and the severer discipline of his professional studies, had invested him with a singular mastery of the resources of language, and the distributive and cumulative forces of formal logic, and when, thus all-accomplished, he suffered his genius to lead and vindicate herself with his learning, the effect was sometimes a calm and delightful wonder, such as one feels in a dream, as if the faculties were suddenly offered a larger and sublimer comprehension, without the shock and weariness of initiative and preparative effort.

The variety of his intelligence was as remarkable as its profoundness and brilliancy. In the presence of strangers he was apt to seem reserved and even shy, announcing his opinions as they were solicited, and with brevity and an air of indecision; but in a familiar and sympathizing auditory, he appeared in conscious strength, though with a deference which was a compliment to those whom he addressed; and, heard under such circumstances, in an assembly of mathematicians, it might have been believed that the long-hoped-for secret of the transmission of mental riches, by inheritance or testament, had been discovered, and that he had fallen heir to the learned talents of an EULER or a LAPLACE. Those who entered with him into discussions of metaphysics, were astonished that a life-time of thoughtful study should have made him so familiar with the abstruse speculations of the great sects from PLATO to COMTE. In a senate of jurists it could scarcely have been doubted that his years were far more numerous than they seemed, and that they all had been devoted to the investigation of that noble system of equity, in which human reason had its bravest triumphs, at Rome, before the Divinity condescended to add to it those principles which were beyond the suggestion while not beyond the acceptance of created intellect. The awful mysteries of religion he approached with the deepest humility, but it was easy to perceive that his simple faith had been strengthened though not grounded upon the most exhaustive study of conflicting opinions. In the same way, the exactness and particularity of his historical and literary erudition were a continual surprise. As he led the way among confused and opposing authorities, they took their places in order, and yielded up the credentials of their value; and if he talked of a great writer, critics surmised that his habits of seclusion would be accounted for by an edition of that writer's works, in which his intimate knowledge and sagacity would be displayed in doubt-ending annotations.

Would he had lived more perfectly to justify the reverent admiration of his friends! but

*Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.*

There is no real nobility in human nature that had not illustration in his life, which, if ever this were true of any life, was unstained to its close by an immorality of intellect or passion; and whatever the relation in which these essays on Art — 'fragments found in his port-folio' after his death — and Literary Criticisms, many of which were written before he was twenty

years of age, would have borne to the productions of his later life, it will not be doubted by appreciative readers that they embrace some of the finest specimens of literature that America has yet given to the world, or that our language will convey to other generations.

MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. Edited by FRANK FORESTER, Author of 'Field Sports,' 'Fish and Fishing,' etc., etc. With Illustrations by JOHN LEECH. In One Volume: pp. 425. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THIS book is as full of fun as an egg of meat. It may possibly strike the reader, at first, as a little too colloquial, too *dialoguey*; but he will soon see that a series of laughter-moving pictures are in this way presented to him, which could not be half so well conveyed in any other manner. Mr. HERBERT ('FRANK FORESTER') has well described the character of the work in his brief and well-written introduction: 'In the first place, it is not, as it does not profess to be, either a veritable description and chronicle of sports and sporting adventures in the field, combined with the natural history and habits of the animals of chase, whether pursuers or pursued, and conveying information to the reader as well as maxims to the sportsman — or yet a fictitious story, embracing the same features, aspiring to convey the same sort of information, and at the same time to enlist something of the feelings of the reader, by introducing an incidental romantic interest, as of real life, somewhat analogous to that of the modern novel of society. Nothing of this sort is 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour;' nor at any of these objects does it aim. It is rather a series of *caste* pictures, of the most graphic kind, of character-paintings so droll and ludicrous that, but for their inimitable verisimilitude, their perfect naturalness and the breadth of their details and force of their colorings, they might be almost called caricatures, than a connected story, with hero, heroine, regular plot, and regular *denouement*. The sporting parts of the work, though perfect in their accuracy, vividness of description, keenness of observation, and minuteness of detail, intimating the complete acquaintance of the author with his subject, are entirely subordinate to the general effect and point of the book, and aim at amusing rather than at instructing, at presenting pictures and portraits than at inculcating precepts. And both the pictures and portraits will be found equally true and life-like as they are telling and entertaining, and in both respects equally appreciable by the fair city-lady and her lady-like exquisite, and by the DIE-VERNON Amazon, and the veriest NIMROD of the day. The ball-room and the club-room of the fashionable watering-place, the manœuvring mammas and the husband-hunting mademoiselles, are as presentably put on the canvas, and far more frequently, and I dare to say as *humorously* as the kennel and the coverside, the jolly English yeoman, and the scoundrelly English horse-dealer, the blossom-nosed, fox-hunting parson, and the rude, roaring, roystering, fox-hunting peer, the field-huntsman and the fancy huntsman, the seedy screw and the spendthrift

baronet with his crew of third-rate ragamuffin swells dramatic, or lastly as the matchless 'SPONGE' himself; for whom, in spite of his sponging and his screwing, his soaping of amphytrions *with* whom one may dine to-day, his circumventing of snobs and flats *off* whom one may hope to dine to-morrow, and his attempts at surrounding heiresses, with whom one may hope to wed some day or other, we cannot but confess a sneaking liking. And more we think than a sneaking liking almost he deserves, for his dauntless pluck, his matchless horsemanship, his great native hunting qualities, his warfare against flats, screws, and snobs of all kinds, the daring impudence by which he gets out of all scrapes as fast as he gets into them, and lastly, for his possession of that 'one touch of nature' which is so truly said to 'make the whole world kin,' and which leads him, as the end of his adventures, sporting and matrimonial, to espouse the lovely and loving LUCY GLITTERS, though he well knows that she has not a sixpence in the world, and that he has no visible means of supporting her, only because she is *such* a pretty girl, *such* a trump, and *such* a rare hand to show a whole hunting field the way over a park paling. From Mr. WAFFLES of Laverick Wells, to Mr. BUCKRAM of the snug little hindependence of his hown, from the am-a-azin' specimen of a pop'lar man, Mr. PUFFINGTON, to my Lord SCAMPERDALE blubbering over the untimely parted corpse of JACK SPRAGGON, because he may never hope to find again 'so fine a natural bb-blackguard,' from JAWLEYFORD of Jawleyford Court, to FACEY ROMFORD and Farmer SPRINGWHEAT, from the fashionable fair of the pump-rooms and ball-rooms of Laverick Wells, to my Lady SCATTERCASH, *née* MISS SPANGLE, MISS HARRIET HOWARD *alias* JANE BROWN, and beautiful, brave LUCY GLITTERS, with whom a better fellow than our friend SOAPEY SPONGE might have wedded without derogation, the reader, whoever he or she may be, will not find one character, high or low, good or bad, but is painted to the very life, as, at some time, and in some place or other — with the sole exception, perhaps, of Mr. JOGGLEBURY CROWDEY — I myself can avouch, that I have seen them. There is some low life, but there are no low thoughts; nothing offensive or hurtful to the feelings, much less prejudicial or seductive to the minds of the purest and most refined. If there be not much wisdom, I will be content to bear the blame if there be not found much wit, much keen comprehension of the world, and much scathing satire of all that is low, mean, dirty, and degrading, in the Sporting Tour of Mr. SOAPEY SPONGE.' We can say of the engravings, which are well colored, that although in one or two instances they are in our copy a little faint in execution, they are capital in design. Look at 'Mr. SPONGE at Jawleyford Court,' and see if we have not 'said sooth.' Our friends the publishers of this attractive book, have wisely given up all issues of paper-covered literature. They have risen to distinction in 'the trade,' and will henceforth issue none but first-class works, and in the best style of paper, typography, and binding. Such is the public taste: and how, we ask, can *any* publisher more clearly indicate *his own* poor appreciation of a book, than by bringing it out in a shabby, flimsy, ill-looking dress? Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND's catalogue of new works and editions in press, to which we shall hereafter advert, is especially rich and attractive.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER 'LEAF FROM THE LAKE SHORE.'—Right glad are we again to welcome to our pages our lively and gifted *DIE VERNON*. She is as beautiful as she is accomplished; and what is better than all, you never would think she was at all aware of it.

'Another Leaf from the Lake Shore.'

'If you have ever been over the road, reader, from Lake GEORGE to Ticonderoga, you must know JOEL HOLCOMB, the stage proprietor, and if you have not, let me advise you to take the trip next summer for the sake of making his acquaintance.

'A first-rate fellow is JOEL; a decided *character*, and one that needs only the opportunity to make his mark in the world: open-hearted and open-handed, never forgets a kindness, will take any amount of trouble to serve a friend, and considerable pains to annoy a foe. He is the best driver that ever handled the ribbons, and the best judge of men, women, and horses I ever met. JOEL and I are great friends, and I am indebted to him for many a pleasant drive and many a droll story to enliven the way: he knew of old my fancy for driving four horses, and handed me the reins as soon as we left the landing, and the way I put those horses up hill and down, rather startled some of the inside passengers, and there was a succession of terrific screeches from the feminine portion as soon as they discovered that there was a lady driving!

'As I have no sympathy with, nor compassion for screaming women, I only drove the faster, and JOEL sat with his arms folded, laughing silently and enjoying it in his own quiet way. At this dashing rate we soon arrived in sight of the Old Fort, or rather the place where the fort *used to be*, for there are but few traces of it left now: here I drew rein, and JOEL informed the passengers that they might alight if they chose to inspect the ruins, and there was a general clearing-out from the inside, but whether they were influenced by a desire of antiquarian research, or a desire to escape from what they evidently considered a perilous situation, remains a doubt in my mind to this day.

'No transition could have been more disagreeable, than from the clear and sparkling Lake GEORGE, to the dark, mud-colored waters of Lake Champlain, and no contrast could have been greater than that between SHERRILL's well-regulated, well-kept 'Lake-House,' where every attention was paid to guests, and every reasonable wish could be gratified, and which for true comfort exceeds any summer resort I

ever visited, and the noisy, ill-conducted house at Fort Ticonderoga, where every thing is in disorder and confusion, and the landlord goes about in his faded linen coat, striped cotton pantaloons, no vest, and a huge shirt-collar, that looks like the sail of a North-River sloop. He wears heavy shoes, with thick soles and big heels, and when you ask for a glass of brandy-and-water, takes you into a closet, locks the door, and gives you *bad rum* to drink, because it is after the Fourth of July, and he is a timid man: when you ask for matches, he takes a bunch of keys and goes up-stairs, is gone a long while, and brings you down *one match!* The food is bad, the cooking worse, the rooms are small, the bedsteads large, and you have your choice between a feather-bed and one made of corn-husks, with now and then a corn-cob left in by way of variety!

'I have travelled pretty extensively in Europe and America, had experience in German inns and French lodging-houses. I have lived in log cabins and 'camped out,' but never was it my ill lot to encounter such a congregation of miseries as were collected in the Fort-House at Ticonderoga in the month of July, 1855!

'Under such circumstances, you will readily imagine that we were not very well pleased at being detained there by stormy weather two days and two nights. The morning of the third was bright and beautiful, but it happened to be Sunday, so of course, there were no steam-boats or stages, and we should have been obliged to pass another day there, if my friend JOEL had not come to our rescue by suggesting that we might cross the Lake in the ferry-boat and drive to Middlebury, Vermont, offering to furnish us with wagon, horses, and driver. Never was an offer more readily accepted, and by ten o'clock we were all ready to start. JOEL accompanied us to the lake shore, and amused himself in gathering a bunch of flowers for me from the garden of a farm-house, while we were waiting for the boatmen on the other side of the Lake to notice a signal that an old woman was making with a little piece of white rag. Our patience was nearly exhausted, when JOEL rushed into the house and seized a sheet, or a table-cloth, or some other garment, and fastening it to a stick, soon attracted the attention of the ferry-men, who began hoisting the sail to their antiquated and unwieldy vessel, and in a shorter time than might have been anticipated from such a dull, heavy-looking craft, they backed up to the shore near us, and called out that they were ready to receive us on board. It took considerable persuasion from JOEL to get the horses to trust themselves to that mysterious-looking machine, and then the united efforts of half-a-dozen stout fellows to get the clumsy old thing from the shore. I verily believed it to be the identical boat in which ETHAN ALLEN crossed with his 'Green-Mountain Boys,' to take Old Fort Ti.; but I suppose the proverb which says we should 'Speak well of the bridge which carries us safe over' applies also to boats; therefore I must not abuse the old scow any more, but advise all those who are fond of variety to take a trip across Lake Champlain in it next summer, and let me know how they like it.

'A couple of hours after we landed on the Vermont side, we were seated at a cozy little dinner in the 'Addison House,' at Middlebury. We found a neat house and a gentlemanly landlord; quite a treat after our recent experience at Ticonderoga; and so we decided to spend a week or two there: and so it chanced that some of the warmest weather last July found me still in that same spot. One afternoon, perfectly exhausted with the heat, I lay upon the sofa in my parlor, panting for breath. The room felt like an oven. The scorching rays of the mid-summer sun poured down upon the white houses opposite, and sent a dazzling glare into my windows. The fields were dry and parched, and the poor trees looked hot and

dusty; the mountains seemed so many volcanoes just ready to send forth fire and smoke. Locomotives came puffing and snorting into the town, suggesting stifling cars, crying babies, and thirsty travellers! Stage-coaches, *painted red*, trotted up to the door; baggage was taken off and carried through the halls, bells were rung, and people were hurrying to-and-fro, calling servants and giving orders and asking questions, and talking in loud voices, every body talking at once, and no body stopping to listen. If I had had sufficient strength left, I should have rung bells too, and called servants, simply to inquire of them how many persons had died in the town that day of heat and suffocation; but as I had not the necessary energy to gain the desired information, I was forced to content myself with speculations upon the subject: and there I lay waiting for the sun to set, and wondering if it were always as hot in Middlebury, and if the people ever got used to it, and most heartily wishing myself a thousand miles away to some cool place, if there were any left in the world; for I began to doubt the existence of Mont Blanc, and to consider the Mer de Glâçe as a cunningly-devised fable, or the optical delusion of poor bewildered travellers. I quite envied the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and determined to join the next Arctic Expedition, thinking it would be a most delightful sensation to be 'imbedded in ice;' when my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of my friend NED —, looking as provokingly cool as though he had just stepped out of an iceberg, and as only a Vermont lawyer could look on such a day as that.

'Well,' said he, as he took a seat beside me; 'what say you to a drive to Lake DUNMORE this afternoon?'—and seeing a look of discouragement on my countenance, he began to name the inducements. The drive, he said, would be delightful after sun-down: 'we will have a pleasant party: there is an excellent hotel, and it is so deliciously cool there —'

'Say no more!' said I; 'that last inducement is sufficient:' and I verily believe I would have started for the lower regions, if I could have been sure of a *cool reception* from HIS MAJESTY!

'The necessary orders were given; I donned my bonnet and drew on my driving-gloves; the horses were soon brought to the door; I took the reins, and we dashed off in fine style. NED is at all times a most agreeable companion, but I never remember to have seen him in such good spirits as he was that afternoon. As these things are always contagious, I soon forgot all my ill-humor, occasioned by the heat, and tried to be agreeable also, and rather flatter myself I succeeded.

'The last brilliant hues of the sun-set still lingered in the sky, imparting their glowing colors to the surrounding mountains, and the cool evening breeze was most deliciously refreshing, after the oppressive heat of the day. Our road lay through the most picturesque scenery, sometimes by the river's bank, sometimes through the forest and round the mountains; but I must confess that my attention was more taken up with the horses I was driving than with the country through which we were passing. I do love a fine horse! and these were beauties; such grace, such action, and such speed! Ah! there's no mistaking the signs of *good blood*, in either a horse or a woman; and *in both* it has the same characteristics—the small, well-shaped head, delicate ear, thin, expansive nostrils, long, graceful neck, full chest, intelligent eye, slender limbs, and small feet and ankles; these are the marks which in either unmistakably denote high blood and breeding; and NED's horses were full-blooded and thorough-bred; and before that drive was over, I had tested their metal pretty effectually.

'The rest of our party had considerably the start of us, but we came up with them one after another, some allowing us to pass quietly, and others inclined to dispute the matter with us. I was always ready to indulge them, if they felt inclined to try their horses' speed; and when tired of the race, a slight touch of the whip to my horses' ears soon settled the matter, and with a laugh and a joke I passed them, and dashed off up the mountain.

'At times our road lay through the deep forest; and the freshness of the air and the peculiar fragrance of the pine-trees was perfectly delicious, and I was glad to let the horses walk while we enjoyed it, sometimes chatting gayly, sometimes silent and thoughtful: and the stars came out one by one, looking so bright and beautiful, but so far off from us poor mortals! We spoke of old times, and of absent friends whom we hoped to see again, and of some who had left us to return no more; and I believe that our quiet, twilight memories were a more acceptable tribute than costly monuments raised by those who loved them less. In spite of our lingering, we were at the hotel long before the rest of the party: and as soon as we announced their coming, all was bustle, activity, and busy preparation, and when they arrived, a more ravenous set I never saw. Brook-trout and lake-trout, and all the other good things with which the table was covered, disappeared before them in the most marvellously short time; to say nothing of the quantity of Heidsieck it took to wash the fish-bones out of their throats.

'Many healths were drunk, and my friend NED had the impudence to pour a libation, and offer devout thanks for the preservation of his neck with my reckless driving! Just as if I had n't been used to driving horses all my life, and *men* too, for that matter, and never broke any necks, nor heads either! I said nothing, however, but made a silent vow to myself, that if I ever got the reins in my hands, and Mr. NED seated beside me, I would give him cause to tremble for his neck; and I rather think I kept that vow. After supper we adjourned to the drawing-room. The champagne or the trout had affected the spirits of the party, and we were all exceedingly merry and good-natured, and one or two of the party were particularly amusing in their 'spiritual manifestations.' They sat down to play cards, and after one or two hands, a dispute arose as to whether they were playing 'Whist' or 'Euchre;' and as there seemed no possibility of getting them to agree, some of the others proposed that they should go out on the lake, and cool their brains in the night-air. They consented, provided the ladies would go too. In vain we protested that it was late, and we were tired: they persisted, and we were obliged to yield. The night had grown very dark, there was not a star to be seen, and we were actually obliged to feel our way along, step by step, to the lake shore; and after several stumbles and screams from the ladies, we finally reached the boat; and, jumping in, two of the gentlemen seized the oars, and attempted to push her off, but as they were pushing in opposite directions, you may imagine they did not make much head-way: as fast as one got her off, the other sent her high and dry again; and then they began scolding each other, and calling upon the rest of the party to testify that they were in the right, and their opponent in the wrong. Finally we were afloat, and the two quarrelsome fellows took their seats and began to row; and in about five minutes we were ashore again! There was no persuading them to relinquish the oars, each one persisting that they could row better than any other living man, but that the other fellow was making a fool of himself; and so they went on rowing us round and round in circles, we laughing and enjoying the sport; and every little while the grating of the boat's keel upon the sand announced that we were ashore again! The best of the joke was, that they were perfectly serious in

their attempt to get us across the lake, and to have us enjoy the view from the opposite shore, though the night was as dark as a wolf's mouth, and we could n't see a foot before us. Finally they got the boat so far on shore that it defied all their efforts to get her afloat again, and we were obliged to land where we were, which proved to be about a mile from the hotel. I, for one, was glad to see her on *terra firma* again. Soon after our return to the house, we separated for the night; and if the rest of the party were as much fatigued as myself, they did not long court slumber in vain. The next morning we all assembled at the breakfast-table, looking as bright as though we had never seen lake-trout or tasted champagne; and, after the usual greetings, began discussing the plans for the day. Some decided to remain, and pass the day on the lake; others had a fancy for exploring the steep mountain which rises on the opposite shore; and others were not quite decided what to do. While these arrangements were being made, NED turned to me, and proposed making a party to drive over to Ripton, and revisit some of our last summer's haunts. I readily assented, and proposed to one or two of our friends to join us: they were delighted with the idea, and the gentlemen went out to give the necessary orders, as we thought best to start early, so as to avoid the heat of the day. Our horses were soon ready; and as NED took his seat beside me, I smiled involuntarily at his thus willingly exposing his neck to the risk which he had been so thankful to escape the night before; but I quietly took the reins, and said nothing. We bade our friends good-morning, and, turning our backs upon Lake DUNMORE, dashed into the forests. The horses were in fine spirits, and went over the ground like birds. My companion and I were alike in one of our peculiarities, that is, being always thoughtful and dreamy, and disinclined for conversation in the morning. To me there is nothing more disagreeable than to meet an indiscriminate party at breakfast, who ask one common-place questions, and make remarks about the weather. When my mind, fresh from sleep, is full of pleasant fancies and happy reveries, and my heart is filled with strong purposes and high aspirations, it seems to dash away all my bright visions, and drag me down to earth again. So the first mile or two of the drive passed almost in silence, each indulging our own reveries, and enjoying the delicious morning air. At last the road wound round into such a beautiful little nook, perfectly over-shadowed by huge pine-trees, that I felt a desire to rest there a few moments; so I pulled up the horses, that we might enjoy the exquisite stillness and repose. There is something very impressive to me in the perfect silence which reigns in these grand old forests:

‘THERE are lessons of true wisdom writ
In every page of Nature, even in the flower
Man treads beneath him as he wanders past:
And poetry in every pendent leaf,
If we could but read them truly.’

We both seemed to feel the influence of the place, though neither of us referred to it; and NED jumped off and gathered some wild flowers, and patted his horses, calling them by their names, and I wondered who they were named after. There are women after whom men name their horses, and whom they toast at dinner-parties, whom they follow and flatter, whose beauty they discuss, and whose praises they sing in public: of such women they soon tire. But there are *other women* whom they shrine in the innermost recesses of their hearts, whom they

‘Love with a love that is *more than love*:’

in whose presence they are silent, satisfied to fill their souls with gazing, and ren-

der her the homage of their hearts, not their lips. The man of the world loses his assurance, the sailor his off-hand daring, the scholar forgets his rhetoric, and the lawyer his well-turned periods, and with deference and self-depreciation they seek to win her regard: and such a woman, once loved, is never forgotten. Look into your heart, reader, and see if I am not right. Circumstances may have parted you, clouds may have darkened between you, and you may have sought to blot her name from your memory: but you have not succeeded, for on the brightest leaf of your heart's tablet it is written in characters that can never be erased. The perfume of a flower, the sound of some once familiar strain, will awaken answering echoes in your soul, and serve to recall those 'nights that were filled with music;' which, alas!

'HAVE folded their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently passed away.'

Years may elapse, you may grow more worldly, and surround yourself with the cares of business; but think not thus to banish her image: for in the stillness of the night-time it will rise before you, and wildly will you stretch out your arms and try to clasp it to your heart: and when you sink back upon your lonely pillow, sad and disappointed, your sigh of regret will prove that she is not yet forgotten. Other ties may bind you, but as you sit in the twilight and stroke your wife's dark tresses, in imagination your hand will be resting upon another head, whose soft, brown hair you used to think so beautiful, and memory will picture a fair young face with deep, thoughtful eyes gazing up into yours, in whose pure depths you will look until you startle your wife by murmuring a name that is not hers; and as you wake from your reverie you will feel how powerful still is the influence of that memory, which neither time nor absence have succeeded in weakening. — My dear NED, I really beg your pardon for keeping you standing so long. I believe I left you patting your horses' heads: jump in, and we'll be off again.

'We soon left the wood behind us, and the road began to be very steep and stony: in fact, such a road as could be found only on a Vermont mountain. Presently we came to a place where three roads met, and not being familiar with the ground, we were in doubt which to take. My companion was inclined to choose the right hand one; so, out of pure contrariety, I persisted in taking the middle one, and dashed into it without paying any attention to his remonstrances: but I soon found that I had got myself into rather a ticklish scrape, for in truth it was no road at all, only the bed of a mountain brook, dry from the long drought, and perfectly filled with stones and rocks.

'I began to feel a little scarey, but I would n't turn back — not I; but determined to pay Mr. NED for his saucy speech of the previous evening, and give him cause to remember me and my driving for a long while to come. How we did jolt from stone to stone and rock to rock! and then down into a hollow, which in the spring-time had been one of those deep pools where the big trout love to congregate in the cool shade of an over-hanging bank. It was any thing but smooth sailing for us, however; and nothing but Vermont horses and a Vermont wagon could have stood the racket: and I was expecting every moment that we should be upset, and sent dashing head first down the mountain; but I put a bold face on the matter, and kept a judicious silence, and my companion closed his lips more firmly, as he has a habit of doing when not very well pleased; smoothed down his shirt-frill, and sat in mute resignation, as though prepared for whatever fate the devil and I had in store

for him. He was not kept very long in suspense : a few more efforts, a few more jolts, and we came out on a smooth road, in fact, the very one we ought to have taken at the beginning ; and, with a sigh of relief, I pulled up the horses to let them take breath after their tiresome pull. 'Very well out of a very bad scrape,' said I to myself ; and, 'Do n't you see I was right ? this is the road to Ripton !' said I to NED, as I touched the horses with the whip, and drove on to the top of the mountain, where a few houses, a brook, a bridge, and a saw-mill, constituted the town of Ripton. Here an old-fashioned sort of place, half-inn and half farm-house, afforded 'refreshment to man and beast ;' and if the horses only enjoyed their hay half as much as NED and I did our bowls of bread-and-milk, they were well repaid for their morning's toil. None of the rest of the party having arrived, we concluded that they had either lost their way or changed their minds ; so we concluded not to wait for them, and sauntered out to the brook-side to revisit some of our last-summer haunts. I soon found the spot where my hammock used to swing, under the spreading branches of a beautiful beech-tree, and the place where we built our bridge, and many another spot which pleasant associations rendered dear to us ; but we could not linger among them, for the day was drawing to a close, and we had a drive of nine miles to reach Middlebury ; so we returned to the house and ordered the horses ; and while we waited, I walked up and down the piazza, amusing myself by trying to decipher the various notices that were nailed up on the posts. They were all funny enough, but one of them pleased me so much that NED obtained permission to take it down ; and I have treasured it most carefully, as a memento of that drive, but cannot resist the temptation to copy it for the benefit of those who are able to read it :

"NOTIS.

'We the undersined has kild an old mischeveous brown stra Kreeter, purportin to be Long to some Non-resanented inhabitant of This townshipp, which we judged the same to be a newsence ! all persons consarned in said Kreetur or Otherwise, is hereby Notyfyed to govern themselvs Ackordingly. Witness our return hereon Indorsed. Snake Mountain July 2d, 1855.'

'With this precious document safely stowed away in my pocket, I drove very carefully down the mountain, and reached Middlebury in time to join our friends at the tea-table, and partake of the delicious trout which they had brought with them from Lake DUNMORE, and which they offered as an excuse for not following us to Ripton ; an excuse which was the more readily accepted, as they offered us also some capital champagne to wash it down with. The evening passed most pleasantly : wit and mirth and harmless jests made every one feel in a good humor with themselves and each other : and is it not the best philosophy thus to enjoy the passing hour, and as we journey through life, to LIVE BY THE WAY ?

'Let us live ! In the power to enjoy that is given
The earnest on earth of the glory of Heaven,
In the courage, that ever in joy or in sorrow
Has strength for each day and a hope for each morrow,
With smiles for the future though tears for the past,
And joy in the hours that steal from us so fast.
For the friends whose brave spirits have gathered around us,
For the love whose bright-blooming tendrils have bound us,
Though cloud or though sun-shine encompass the day,
As we journey through life, LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.

'In the youth of the heart, ere the glorious ray
That was born of life's morning has faded away,
While the light fingers yet in the eyes that are dear,
And the voices we love still remain with us here :

While the wine is yet red and the stars are yet bright,
 And the winds and the waves bring us music by night,
 While the warm blood leaps up, when the forests resound
 With the tread of the horse and the bay of the hound,
 Oh! ever and always, as long as we may,
 As we journey through life, LET US LIVE BY THE WAY.

'When the world has grown old, and the bright stars at last
 That rose in the future have set in the past,
 Save that brightest of all, which is guiding us ever
 To the beautiful country beyond the dark river,
 When the eyes become dim and the locks have grown gray,
 And we gather no more to the feast or the fray,
 When we pause at the end and look thoughtfully back
 Through the change and the chance of the long, weary track,
 It will cheer the old heart to be able to say,
 'As we journey through life, WE HAVE LIVED BY THE WAY.' J. K. L.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Now that we have the 'leafy month of June' in full glory, we remark that various journals are counseling our metropolitans to flee to the beautiful country, and hold communion with the visible forms of good old Mother NATURE. Some say 'go one way,' and some 'another.' Suppose *we* offer a little advice 'in the premises' to our beloved fellow-citizens. If you are journeying Niagara-ward, fail not to take the New-York and Erie Rail-road train from town. Such a road, such spacious and comfortable cars, such varied, grand, picturesque, and quiet scenery, is nowhere else to be encountered. To us, who have been over this route some twenty times, it is ever a new delight. Recently we took the cars for a fishing excursion in the counties of Broome and Delaware. The day was calm and pleasant. There was no dust, as there had been a 'spell of rain' the day before. MERIAM, the great seer and weather-breeder of Brooklyn-Heights, who is ruining our climate, had predicted otherwise; but the 'heated term' did not come off. Passing along the grand scenery of the rushing Delaware; the lonely, picturesque, gently-gliding Susquehannah; lofty mountains, and beautiful vales stretching in pensive quietness between; we came at length, precisely 'on time' to the charming town of Binghamton, in romantic and fruitful 'Old Broome, a village which has been a favorite of ours from the very first time we saw it; partly from its beauty of situation and pleasant residences, but more perhaps from the hearty *whole-souledness* of the friends who inhabit those hospitable abodes. Binghamton has greatly improved since we last saw it. New and handsome structures and blocks of buildings have arisen; new rail-roads have here their termini; and a general air of prosperity pervades the entire place. Our 'mission' was to an old and esteemed friend, one of the 'best fellows and best fishermen' in all that region round about, who was to accompany us to a certain point on the New-York and Erie Rail-road, (which shall be nameless, because we are going again one of these days, and don't want the game all bagged in the mean time — selfish fellows that we are!) to wile the speckled beauties from lake and stream. How gloriously we succeeded; what marvels we performed; what perils (at least *one* of us) encountered:

are these things not 'written as it were in a book' with an iron pen? And shall they not appear hereafter? Yea, verily they shall, time and life and health permitting. - - - THE following sketch of PERCIVAL may be regarded as entirely authentic. His was a noble, shrinking, sensitive spirit. Although an old and frequent contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, and not an infrequent correspondent with its EDITOR, we never had the good fortune to meet him, except on one occasion. One day, at our old office in Nassau-street, we found the card of Mr. PERCIVAL, who was domiciled at LOVEJOY'S Hotel, near by. We sought his apartment at once. His fire had but just been kindled, and he was sitting wrapped in a faded camel cloak, near the grate. He received us very kindly; remarking, that he 'felt well acquainted, although he had never met us except under two blue cover-lets': alluding to the blue covers of our Magazine. His eye was *all* pupil—a light, lustrous, 'true-blue' orb. His smile was extremely pleasant; but while you were remarking it, it changed to an inexpressible sadness of expression. It was like the shadow of a cloud chasing the brightest sunlight over a summer meadow. Poor PERCIVAL! His only grief was the early blight, of which our correspondent speaks. His was a broken heart: and all the 'forms and shows of things' in the world had no attraction in his eyes. It was in a spirit such as this, that he wrote these exquisite lines:

'I SAW, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star that had left the sky,
And fallen asleep on that lonely height.

'I climbed the peak, and found it soon,
A *lump of ice* in the clear cold moon:
Wouldst thou its hidden sense impart?
'T was a cheerful look and a broken heart.'

'EVERY man of genius and decided character has a ruling passion. This passion may select one channel or another. It may be the love of wealth, or of luxury, or of glory: and it may be the love of woman. But when its direction is once taken and fixed, it rides and controls the billows of the bosom. It is engrossing in life and strong even in the agonies of death. When once the heart has erected and consecrated the idol of its devotions, there is not a thought, not a feeling, not a yearning of desire, going forth upon the broad track of the future, which comes not back again to tell the issue of its errand at this guarded shrine.

'But the many varieties of the ruling passion disclose a wide difference in their distinctive developments. The money-maker and the glory-seeker have each unnumbered schemes for the accomplishment of their designs. Defeat in one, only schools them for a shrewder course and a prouder triumph in another. But he who confides the consummation of his hopes and the perfection of his bliss to an adventured affection, has no second string to his bow: no star of other promise to lead him through the thick shadows of disappointment.

'Let the pure worship of an early and a first affection be slighted: let its sacred and kindly tokens be made a mockery by the very lips that should bless them: let the keen consciousness of neglect and bitter scorn enter the soul's innermost tabernacle, and there is no balm in Gilead for the crushed and bleeding spirit of the sufferer, nor a vision of earthly blessedness that can woo him from his sack-cloth of wretch-

edness and despair. The lyre of his soul is henceforth a shattered thing. As it hangs upon the drooping willows of sorrow, it breathes not a note that is not jangled and tuneless.

'JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, whose instance may serve to illustrate these truths, was born and nurtured in one of the loveliest of the many villages that sprinkle the green valley of the Connecticut. From his very cradle he was a fondling of Nature. His earliest joy was to hold converse with the mysterious whisperings of the forest; to gaze upon the grand old trees, and read the record of centuries in their tall and rugged majesty. Possessed by a distressing diffidence and sensibility to suffering from the harshness of his fellows, his delight was to climb the rude, familiar granite of his native hills, and to travel with his eye along the distant line of azure mountains that bounded the scope of vision, and prisoned in their embracing circuit as quiet and as sweet a scene of pastoral beauty as ever lived in fancy's dreams. The frequent and gleaming spire that pointed as with a directing finger to the blue throne of the ETERNAL; the long pillar of smoke that stood upright in the moveless air, like the guiding cloud of the Israelites; the clustering and low orchards, and the vistas of maples; the humble roof that looked forth from its embowering vines, and the silver stream that held its glass to the winking leaves, laughing at the flower that bathed in its bosom; all these spoke a language of religion to his heart, and applied the burning coal of inspiration to the living lips of his genius.

'No wonder then that the swelling torrent of emotion within him found relief and utterance in the winged words of song; that

'He murmured near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

No wonder that the poetry of PERCIVAL was like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver,' beautiful and brilliant as the tinted shells that pave the paths of ocean. No wonder that it found its way to the secret and shut chambers of many a lonely bosom, and proved as healing to its woes as the oil of gladness.

'But PERCIVAL still possessed one chord of feeling which had as yet found no sympathy with an outward manifestation of beauty. The tenderest yearning of his heart was still unsatisfied. His *ruling passion* still slumbered, like a locked and wave-covered pearl in its briny bed. He fitted for college with his village-pastor, and while quietly pursuing his studies became the victim of an attachment that proved the bane of his life. The object of his budding desires was the daughter of his venerable teacher, a light and laughing girl, with a countenance one might wear in heaven, and be no less an angel. The fascination of her presence quickly won him from his common thoughts and his common joys: the blaze of her beauty at once lighted up the crystal deep of his affections. But his love was timid and tender as a violet which the sun at first dazzles and gladdens, afterward withers and dries up. Yet he loved her passionately, utterly, worshippingly. Her every word and smile and look, even the cadence of her step, he watched and treasured up, 'as if the universe were governed by her motion.' In the still and holy night, he marked the star that she gazed upon, and made it the cynosure of his heart's idolatry. He followed her to the grove that she haunted, and there mingled the sobs of his passion with the sighing of the winds. He found out her secret glen, and her grot, and privily festooned the one with the richest flowers that gemmed the other. In her absence he learned the hymn of her favorite stream, and made it the burden of his lay. But did he not reveal his passion? No: not he. Did he

not breathe it to the one he loved? Not even to her. He hoarded it up in his sealed and silent bosom, trembling like a captive dove, even when he named it to his own thoughts.

'But the hour of his agony drew on apace. He was soon to be steeped to the very lips in the waters of grief. While he was at college, there came to his native village one who had rich blood in his veins, a rich purse in his pocket; and with these credentials of his worth, he wooed and won the object of the poet's secret adoration.

'What a fearful moment was that for poor PERCIVAL, when he learned the doom of his love, the death of his hope, the blight of his existence! It came like a startling thunder-clap in a cloudless sky. He had sipped the cup of promise while it mirrored the fairest visions of enchantment, and had drained with eager lip its nectar. Now he saw the viper steal out from the parted rose-leaves: he met the keen flashings of its basilisk eye, and received the fatal venom of its sting. His castles of air crumbled to the earth. His dreams of romance flitted at the cock-crowing of reality. Naught was left but the lone and turfless grave of a first and fond attachment.

'GAY was the Paradise of love he drew,
And pictured in his fancy: he did dwell
Upon it till it had a life: he threw
A tint of Heaven athwart it. Who can tell
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell
That bound him to that vision? Cold truth came
And plucked aside the veil: he saw a hell;
And o'er it curled blue flakes of lurid flame.
He laid him down, and clasped his damp, chill brow in shame.'

'PERCIVAL graduated from Yale, alike distinguished for his vast erudition and the far-reaching grasp of his intellect; for his splendor of diction and the intrepid daring of his imagination. But he had nursed a desponding temperament that was killing him by inches. He hurried to the sunny South, and plunged into the excitements of mirth and dissipation. The image of his first love went with him. This one fond idea had lain so long with him upon the pillow of reflection, that it had become part and parcel of his being. It still clung to him, a torturing presence, and his heart refused to be comforted.

'His disappointment proved a subduing oil upon the current of his fancies, and his effusions at this period, though pensive as the widowed voice of the stock-dove, are the sweetest that ever flowed from his pen: even so the nightingale sets her breast against a thorn when she sings most sweetly. But he now tore the myrtle from the brow of his muse, and tuned the chords of his lyre to whispers of the mourning cypress.

'The death of PERCIVAL is but a recent announcement, yet he was long ago dead to the world, an anatomy of melancholy, where all before was tinctured with divinity. The iron had entered his soul, and the subtle harmonies of this breathing and pulsing universe, which once found a quick response in his out-going sympathies, long ago fell upon his wretched ear like the winds of winter upon bare and quivering nerves. Quenched was the life of his glance; gone the sparkle of his eye: his forehead was awfully rough with the furrows of care. He became a misanthrope. Squint suspicion oppressed him, like a nightmare, so that he shuddered at the presence of a friend, and mistrusted the tones of kindliness. He became a solitaire: immured in his sepulchre of gloomy lore, he held converse with the ghostly mummies of dead and buried centuries. As a mineralogist, he found a more welcome feast of enjoyment in studying the arrangements of strata than in courting the friendships of society. His feelings, like trilobites, seemed wedded to rocks, and

the stream of his affections, which once came gushing up from its pure bed, had frozen for ever. Socially, he became a mere petrification, and his sympathies were but the fossil remains of a former existence. Or you might call him a geode, with a rough and forbidding exterior, but lined with crystals of poetry, of purest ray serene, which were doomed to blaze in their confinement, unrevealed and unknown. Long before the close of his days, he had bid adieu to his lyre, that once breathed as sweetly as the turtle's wail, and stole the purest tears of emotion. He lived the life of an old bachelor, arid, crusty and cold as an iceberg. Time was, when, like a child beneath its first rainbow, his heart leaped up at the voices of the young and the smiles of the lovely. But the heaven that lay about him in his infancy had vanished. The sorcery of beauty's eye could no more melt the steely casing of his heart than can Egypt's rising sun coax music from the broken statue of MEMNON. Let us add the final shading to this dismal picture of the ruins of a mind. PERCIVAL is said to have been an infidel. He would not believe that his soul, after faring so rudely in the shocks of this life, would at last burst like a chrysalis from its shattered tenement, and live in the pageant glories of another. How dark and joyless such a creed! How utterly disconsolate and how supremely miserable that man, who can look back to no flowery isle in all the bitter and black waters of his memory, while every tumbling surge of remembrance throws up the wrecks of dearest hopes! Especially when he can turn to no page of promise in the BIBLE of his faith, and there read his assurance of a home where the wicked cease from troubling, in the bosom of his God.'

May he rest in peace! - - - A NEW and welcome correspondent, writing us from 'Lima,' in our State, says: 'You will 'perceive' by the inclosed, which was first published in 1825, that K. N. PEPPER is not the only 'pote' that this great country has produced. To you as a stranger the editorial may not give a sufficient explanation. I will add, therefore, that the three 'THAYERS BROTHERS' were executed at Buffalo in 1825, for the murder of JOHN LOVE. The 'circumstances' are sufficiently set forth in the 'Pome.' Perhaps you will find it worthy a place in the KNICKERBOCKER. At all events, it gives me pleasure to furnish it for your 'distinguished consideration.' 'K. N. P.' must look to his laurels.' Thanks! 'The Three Thayers' is a noble composition. Three verses from it we published several years ago, but the *entire* composition we have never before seen. What unity and force of style! We have underscored a few lines: but what can add force to lines like these? They are beyond the aid of typographical adjuncts:

'At the urgent request of several friends, says the *Buffalo Express*, we have been induced to re-publish the plaintive domestic ballad of 'The Three Thayers,' the original manuscript of which lyric now lies before us. (We call it a lyric because it is intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the harp of a thousand strings, sperrits, etc.) The poem has before been printed, but very incorrectly; and the fact that many spurious editions are now in circulation, to the great disparagement of the author's fame, is an additional reason for our compliance with the repeated demands for its issue in an authentic form. It has once been set to an air of a telescopic character, which shoved in and out, so to speak, in order to adapt itself to the somewhat eccentric rhythm of the ballad. That melody, however, died with its composer, the lamented DAN. MARBLE, who, never having had the remotest idea of scientific music, was well fitted by nature to illustrate in tuneless numbers, the touching lay of the anonymous poet—for genius ever scorns the fetters of rule. . . . One word as to the history of the ballad. It was unquestionably written in perfectly good faith, and was sent, for publication, to the *Buffalo Patriot*, then conducted by HEZEKIAH A. SALISBURY Esq., lately deceased. That gentleman gave it but little attention, and it fell into the hands of another, who still retains the manuscript, and guards it with great care. By him—who was also at that time, and has been long since, connected with the press of this city—the ditty was shown to many friends, and one of these caused its publication in Mr. THURLOW WHEED's paper in Rochester. Thence it circulated over the whole country, and became as well

known as 'Hohenlinden' or 'Hail Columbia.' It has been re-published, altered, spoiled, in fact, as nearly as a production so excellent can be; and we now give it, copied *verbatim et literatim* by us from the original manuscript, which is nearly worn out with handling. If its publication is again demanded, it must be lithographed, which, indeed, would be the only method of doing justice to its full beauty, as the chirography is, like the poetry, unique:—

The Three Thayers.

In England sevrel years ago
the Seen was pleasant fair and gay
JOHN LOVE on bord of a Ship he entred
and Sald in to a merica

LOVE was a man very perceiving
in making trades with all he see
he soon in gaged to be a Sailor
to sail up and down on lake Erie

he then went in to the Southern countries
to trade for furs and other skins
but the cruel French and saveg Indins
come very near of killing him

But God did spare him a little longer
he got his loding and come down the lake
he went into the town of Boston
whare he made the grate mistake

with NELSON THAIR he made his station
thru the sumer for to stay
NELSON had two brothers ISAAC and ISRAEL
LOVE lent them money for thare debts to pay

LOVE lent them quite a sum of money
he did befriend them every way
but the cruel cretres tha couldn be quiet
till tha had taken his sweet life a way

One day as tha ware all three to gether
this dredful murder tha did contrive
tha a greed to kill LOVE and keep it secret
and then to live and spend their lives

On the fifteenth evening of last december
in eighteen hundred and twent four
tha in vited LOVE to go home with them
and they killed and murdered him on thar floor

*First Isaac with his gun he shot him
he left his gun and went away
then Nelson with his ax he chopt him
till he had no life that he could perceive*

After tha had killed and most mortly brused him
tha drawd him out whare tha killd thare hogs
tha then caried him of apease from the house
ann deposited him down by alog

The next day tha ware so very bold
tha had LOVE's horse ariding round
Som askd the reason of Lovs being absent
tha sed he had cleerd and left the town

Tha sed he had forgd in the town of Erie
the sherief was in persuit of him
he left the place and run a way
and left his debts to colect by them

tha went and forgd a pour of turney
to collect Loves notes when tha ware due
tha tore and stormed to git thare pay
and sevel nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to ahie de gree
in killing Love and in forgery
tha soon ware taken and put in prison
Whare tha remaind for thare cruelty

Tha ware bound in irons in the dark dungeon
for to remain for a little time
tha ware all condemd by the grand Jury
for this most foul and dredful crime

Then the Judge pronounced thare dreadful Sentenc
with grate candidness to behold
you must all be hangd untell your ded
and lord have mursey on your Souls.

How afflictingly pathetic! - - - We find in the '*Christian Enquirer*' weekly religious journal, of the twenty-first of June, '*An Address at the Funeral of Joseph Curtis, by Rev. Henry W. Bellows.*' We have already alluded to this eloquent discourse, and are glad of an opportunity to present a few passages from it to our readers:

'But how little of Mr. CURTIS's life have I told, in running thus rapidly over his business and external career? Already you perceive him to have been a good son and brother, an enterprising and honest man. But you have heard nothing of him as a citizen or a philanthropist. From a very early age JOSEPH CURTIS was moved with a passion for usefulness. He evinced it in his noble desire to help his parents, his brothers and sisters, and in short, any and every body having any claim upon him, or presenting an opportunity to him. He had no sooner become established in this city, than he began to use all his leisure time in works of mercy. We must remember, that fifty years ago philanthropy had not become a profession, a fashion, or a custom: nay, that what we call public spirit then exhausted itself in patriotic and political feeling, rather than in humane or prospective and civic usefulness. The ignorant, the wicked, and abandoned, the slave, the prisoner, the deaf and dumb and blind had not then drawn to themselves the attention even of Christians. And when we are estimating the claims on our gratitude of the founders of public-schools, the projectors of asylums and houses of refuge, the starters of emancipation, we are not to forget that the lamp of their charity sprung up in utter darkness, and was trimmed without the notice of men, and fed by none of the sympathy and admiration of society at large.'

'Among the very earliest of the philanthropic movements of New-York, was the establishment of a Society called the *New-York Manumission Society*, of which Mr. CURTIS became a member in 1811. In our State, and especially in our city, a large number of blacks, entitled to their freedom by the laws of the State and of Congress, were still held in bondage; and the Manumission Society was established to accomplish the final extinction of slavery in the State of New-York, and the restoration to liberty of those blacks still held in bondage contrary to law.' Associated with Mr. CURTIS in the Standing Committee, to which his services had promoted him, were such men as PETER A. JAY, WILLIAM SLOSSON, CADWALLADER D. COLDEN, and ISAAC M. ELY, all eminent counsellors of that day. We have already spoken of the testimonial silver pitchers presented to Mr. CURTIS for his prolonged and

active efforts in furthering the views of this benevolent Society, which secured the support of so many good men, at the South as well as at the North. 'Mr. CURTIS,' says Mr. BELLows, 'was so strenuous a believer in the sacredness of law, that his sympathies never went along with the abolitionists : ' yet he loved *all* his fellow-men, without distinction of color ; and used sometimes to speak of the seventeenth of February, 1817, when he froze his face in going to the Capitol, as one of the proudest days of his life. He sometimes said : ' I feel I have not lived quite in vain, when I consider the passage of the Manumission Act.' Not many days before he died, but when he was still as well as usual, he said, in answer to some reference to this part of his conduct by a friend : ' In the memory of it, my very dying pillow will be smoothed : '

'THE next important philanthropic movement of JOSEPH CURTIS's life was his establishment, in connection with fifteen other large-hearted and public-spirited men, of the *Society for the Suppression of Crime and Pauperism*. During the whole of the winter of 1815-16, weekly meetings were held at his house for the maturing of plans and the hearing of reports. A vast amount of labor was undergone in the investigation of the sources of crime and poverty ; and finally, as the best result, the House of Refuge—first conceived in his brain—was established, and JOSEPH CURTIS consented to accept the appointment, to which his wisdom and zeal had entitled him, of the first Superintendent. The House of Refuge was designed to take the place of the corrupting Prisons to which young offenders and fatherless children, vagrant and vicious by necessity, had been previously sentenced. It was the very beginning of an effort to substitute kindness, care, good influence, for punishment in the discipline of juvenile offenders—the commencement of a system of preventive measures in the treatment of the exposed and criminal classes. Mr. CURTIS's views were much in advance of those of most of his colleagues, and perhaps were even in advance of what was practicable at that time. He announced himself to the boys thrown into his hands as their father. He treated them as entitled to confidence, and even respect. He endeavored to convince them that the rules of the institution were paternal, established for their good, and administered wholly in love. Thus he would punish no boy until condemned, and his punishment prescribed, by a *jury* of his peers. A regular court was held once a week for the trial of offenders, in which he sat only as Judge, and the finding of the Jury was honored with scrupulous observance. On one occasion a boy ran away, and, after a few days, full of penitence for his ingratitude, returned, confessed his fault, and entreated forgiveness. Satisfied of his sincerity, Mr. CURTIS forgave him. The Directors, doubting this policy of mercy, disapproved his conduct, and instructed him by unanimous vote to give this runaway a certain number of lashes. Mr. CURTIS begged them to re-consider their order. He had from his heart forgiven the boy who had returned to duty, and he had only seen good from his course ; he could not inflict what must now be a pure vengeance upon his back. The Directors, however, reasserted their instructions to lash him. Again he remonstrated, and again they reaffirmed their order, with instructions to the Committee not to leave the premises until they had seen the blows inflicted. Mr. CURTIS seeing no alternative, came forward with the keys of the institution, and said : ' Gentlemen, I cannot whip a boy whom from my heart I have forgiven. I resign the keys of the Refuge ! ' The Directors, moved by his firmness, and respecting his convictions, did not accept his resignation, and remitted the lashes. Some of the poor lads under Mr. CURTIS's care at the Refuge became valuable members of society, and not a few were there who sought his house as that of a parent, for years and years after leaving that asylum of youthful folly and vice. He loved the Refuge with a tender affection ; and it was among the wishes he bequeathed to his children, that his portrait might hang upon the walls which perpetuated the scene of his fond and earnest labors for juvenile offenders. I

might venture to call JOSEPH CURTIS the founder of this institution: certainly no other individual is more entitled to the honor of that ascription.'

The long-continued and most important services rendered by Mr. CURTIS to the great cause of *Public Education*, were set forth in an article from the '*Daily Times*,' in our last number. 'Deep,' observes Mr. BELLows:

'DEEP as his interest was in the intellectual discipline of the children in the common schools, their manners and morals concerned him far more deeply; and it was here that he most deplored the deficiency of teachers, and the want of the schools. He could not see a child anywhere without a mental criticism, and commonly an open remark on its behavior. Nothing escaped him; awkward postures, a poor carriage, a drooping head—he had a word of warning or rebuke for each, and still more for whatever savored of falsehood, impurity, vulgarity, or violence.

'Deeply convinced of the connection—in his day almost disowned—between physical and moral education, he was among the earliest to draw attention to the unwholesomeness of crowded rooms, unventilated apartments, long sessions, hard benches, and poor school-furniture. He made a close scientific investigation of the laws of ventilation, and procured them to be applied to the Public-schools. He studied the anatomy of the human form to find out just what kind of support the spine of youth required in its sedentary attitude, and invented school-chairs and other furniture, since universally adopted. The amount of health, comfort, docility, and good temper he has thus alone contributed to the common stock, in the successive generations of a city having a hundred thousand youth at its Public-schools, is enough to constitute him a great public benefactor.

'The encouragement, sympathy, warning, which Mr. CURTIS gave for so many years to his colleagues, to the teachers and the pupils of the common-schools—now in private, and now in public—in wise words, in ingenious suggestions, in serious remonstrance, in benignant smiles of encouragement, made his life a most precious possession and power in this community. I know not who can take away the crown of glory which his patient, long-continued, discreet, and gentle services in the cause of public education have placed upon his head. I dare say a million children and more have known and loved JOSEPH CURTIS—have regarded him as the very benignity of the city that gave them their education—have tasted the sweetness of his face and the gentleness of his lips, and the fervor of his smile, and the earnestness of his warnings. What a crowd of witnesses to the worth of any man! Those clouds of infant heads with which the painters of the middle ages were wont to surround the ascending form of our SAVIOUR, would not unfitly belong to the beatifications of this Friend of Children. HE who took children in His arms and blessed them, will reward His faithful disciple, who has sought to perpetuate the SAVIOUR's care and love toward the children of this remote age and distant clime.

'THE personal character of JOSEPH CURTIS was as spotless as his public services were great and admirable. He was a man open to reason, patient in investigation, cautious and jealous of false conclusions, ready to admit his mistakes, and always open to new truth. His moral nature was constitutionally pure and noble. He detested duplicity, and made truth the first article of morals. Nothing could bend him a hair from the line of rectitude. His temper, originally hasty and impetuous, he had schooled to perfect self-control. In the little disputes that arose among the children of the family, or elsewhere, his habit was to bring the combatants into each other's presence, and sit in profound silence for many minutes, and then opening his mouth with a pathetic mildness, the very first words, '*My children*,' trembling on his grieved lips, almost invariably brought the tears of repentance into all eyes, and sent the angry ones into each other's open arms. And yet his government was quite absolute. He governed by love, but he made love very solemn and very awful. He enforced perfect respect and obedience from his children, and even the deference of the younger to the elder ones. In the wanderings of his last day's illness, when his children were compelled to enforce

quietness upon his restless purposes, they found it difficult to overcome the authority that reigned in his mild blue eye and his remonstrating voice. He exhibited, too, in the very ravings of the brain-attack which ended his life, all the sweetness and thoughtfulness, the self-control and candor of his admirable character. The fixtures of the room seemed to him in violent motion; and when told that they did not move, he said: 'Put a pin below one of them, and see if it does not push it down.' The pin was fixed: he watched it curiously; saw that it was not displaced; and said at once: 'I give it up; I see that I am deluded.' This is a wonderful indication of the habitual supremacy of reason in his well-ordered mind.'

'The interesting and beautiful peculiarity of Mr. CURTIS's *religious* character was, that it was his *whole* character. He had no views which he called his religious views; no duties he called his religious duties; no opinions he called his religious opinions. *All* his views, duties and opinions were religious. His whole character was devout, God-fearing, God loving. He had the profoundest veneration for the divine will and character. He loved much; he spent his life in doing good. He lost no chance to serve a wronged, a suffering, a weak, a fallen brother or sister. He had as disinterested a heart as I have ever known. He loved not the world, nor the things of the world, if by these are meant money, power, repute: but he loved, wholly and devotedly, the things of God, if by these are meant peace, truth, justice, purity, man, CHRIST, immortality. There is not a work of mercy in this community that has not had his good will, his sympathy, his cooperation. There is not a citizen that is not indebted, in his children, in his servants, in his comfort, in his safety, to JOSEPH CURTIS's benevolence. His ingenuity was great, and always employed in the cause of human relief and security. He invented and carried the first torch that lighted firemen on their perilous way to the succor of burning homes. He invented the *trap* that is the plumber's great agent in keeping nauseous fumes from our domestic waste-pipes and public sewers. He was engaged almost to the last hour of his life in devising a method, which bids fair to be successful, for curing the inhuman slipperiness of our Russ pavement, whose cruelty to beasts had moved his tender heart.

'He was the friend of ROBERT FULTON, and stood by him in the days when his schemes were ridiculed by the world. He was an active member of the Fire Department, and of the Mechanics' Association for many years; and, indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate the various charities with which he was actively and for years associated. But, above all, he was a man of a pure, upright, benevolent, gentle heart. 'Will you love each other?' he said on his death-bed to his children, in the tones of an angel. 'There is no heaven but love.'

'Mr. CURTIS,' continues Mr. BELLOWS, 'was a modest man. He disliked all show, form, trumpeting. In his most affluent days he never changed the simplicity of his habits or manners. While he was strictly temperate in all things, he adopted no ultra theories, but 'let his moderation be known unto all men.' Such was the character of the good man whose death all who ever knew him deeply deplore. And as we write in the still, early morning hours, we hear through an open door of a pleasant upper apartment of our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' the occasional deep-drawn sigh of one who lived with and loved him for more than half a century! What a world of reminiscence must throb beneath that Quaker cap and silver hair! May the God of the widow, the COMFORTER of the bereaved, sustain her hitherto calm and cheerful spirit in this dark hour of her affliction! Mr. BELLOWS's discourse concludes as follows:

'Ah! beloved and revered friend! — what have we to do, but lay thy sacred dust to rest? No more can we welcome thee to these seats of worship. Thy benignant face

can no more turn its sympathetic eyes up to this altar. Thy white locks wave no longer about thy bent shoulders. Thy pleasant voice is hushed: thy friendly hand is cold. But thy heart beats still in the 'better world.' Thou art joined to thy MASTER; to the early companions of thy usefulness; to the children thou hast led in the way of duty and of truth, and who in thousands have gone before thee to welcome thee to thy reward. Farewell! These lips have committed no purer soul than thine to the grave; have told the story of no life more worthy the imitation and respect of men, or whose acceptance in Heaven is more fully secured by Him who 'went about doing good,' and who said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!'

A noble tribute, nobly deserved. - - - 'I SEND you,' writes a York (Pennsylvania) correspondent, 'the following 'rare gem,' which may aid in controverting the self-evident axiom of DOGBERRY, that 'reading and writing come by nature.' It is a copy of a remonstrance presented to our County Court a short time since. The 'document will speak for itself.' It is given *verbatim et litteratim* :'

'York County
'Paradise township

'A Few Lines to the Honorable the Judges of the Court of York County that I sean in the News paper as DANIEL MYERS has potition for a Licon [license] to keap tavern or poplick Hous in Paradise Tp. wich I sink it wood Be Rounig if the Court Wood grand him a Licon I haff nosing A janst MYERS But it is Rite on pichen hill yeare he Lifs it is a Bat Plase for young Boys and it will Mak it vorst yed if he gits Lison I, am a Near Naber to MYERS & I Das Not gif My Name, a, Long for fear he wood find it out But I vont you to Require how he is situait for tavern & sea vether you Dunt finit it this way that MYERS Liff Bey himself & has onley one Bad to Sleaep in & a Little Bit of one storey Hous With one Rum in & A Small kichen keeps A Little Bit of a store that A Man Cut Carrey all the goods on his Back and we Must say that MEYERS is Not sober two Days out of the seven and the way he got His siners [signers] he Liff in Bringham Hous & Rudysil he Cant Rite or Reade and the orthers ar Man that Licks Licker varry well & Dunt kear woth tha Sine if tha onley Can git A Dram Now & then the Cort Can ask SAMIL HAYS Daputy sharf or MART OSTER tha no veare He liffs So I Hope the Cort Will Require A Bout MEYERS carcomstances Be fore tha grand him A Lison N. P. Sor I cut gif you fifty Nams A janst MYERS Potition But if He gits Doxi-catit He, is So safige that Nabors hats him. yours A Plicht, (obliged.)'

Well, we do candidly admit, with our correspondent, that this specimen of 'Pennsylvania Dutch' out-tops every thing in its kind which we have ever encountered. It out-YELLOWPLUSHES YELLOWPLUSH himself, and throws Orthography upon the parish. - - - THE Right Reverend Archbishop HUGHES, of our city, recently preached at the Catholic Church, Piermont, after having administered the Holy Sacrament and rites of Confirmation to about two hundred persons, children and adults. This service, which we learn was extremely interesting and imposing, we did not arrive in time to witness. Mass was soon after celebrated, in a very impressive manner, by the Rev. Mr. BRADY, of Port-Jervis. The sermon was then preached by the Archbishop, sitting in an arm-chair, in front of the altar. His text was taken from the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing with the thirty-seventh verse. His subject was the nature and design of the Church of CHRIST. The Archbishop is a forcible speaker, with a clear, sonorous voice, and in the choice of his language seems to aim at great simplicity. He was listened to by a crowded auditory, among whom were many of the

most prominent citizens of Rockland county, with the deepest attention. We heard nothing that *any* one, of whatever religious belief, could cavil at. If the old Covenantish beldame of SCOTT, MANSE HEADRIGG herself (who had such a horror of the 'Scarlet Woman' of Rome, sitting on seven Hills 'as if *one* was n't enough for her auld hinder eend') had been present, with CUDNIE, her son, they would have gone uncomplainingly away. Counsels tending to inculcate a pure life, and works of goodness and mercy, formed the entire staple of the discourse. - - - 'H. P. L.' sends us the following '*Short Cut to Fortune*.'

‘**A** FORTUNE! The undersigned, on receipt of ONE DOLLAR, will forward to any address a RECIPE, by which any enterprising man may make a speedy FORTUNE. The undersigned makes from fifteen to fifty dollars a week. Address WILLIAM DE VERE, through PORTS' DISPATCH OFFICE. my 12-1t * 475.’

‘‘THAT looks kind o' sensible arter all,’ said Mr. EPHE GRUNTER, the farmer, as in an interval of rest from purchasers, he leaned against his market-wagon, and read over the above advertisement in one of the morning papers. ‘Le'ss see, he aint goin' to charge but a dollar, an' sezs as how he makes fifteen to fifty a week out on it. Le'ss see!’ and here Mr. GRUNTER drew out the stump of a lead-pencil from some distant corner of his waistcoat-pocket — the action causing him to writhe round like a bull-terrier with a wasp on his back, and moistening the end of the pencil, he at once proceeded, on one edge of the newspaper, to the following calculations:

52	52
15	50
<hr/>	<hr/>
260	\$2600
52	
<hr/>	
\$780	

by which he proved that ‘any enterprising man’ might make either \$780, or \$2600 a year.

‘Some differens, by Gosh!’ thought he, ‘howsomeever, p'raps the feller aint so enterprizin' some weeks as others; guess that wot's makes the eggs run so different like. Now, wot if I should send that feller — wot's his name? Ohyez, DEVVERY, a dollir — wall! that's four pounds of butter, but then, agin, I kelkillate on gettin' back a mighty sight more'n I give. How they would stan' rount in TUBTOWN when they seed me with a fortun! Wonder if ole man PRICE's darter would be as snaptious at a feller, 'lowing that he had a big fortun'? I calkelate I'd rather take down that JIM MORRIS, with all his eternal dashed fine store, close, and perliteness, cut his spurs off! and — yes, the p'ison cuss, I'll gin a dollir to this here newspaper feller, ef its only to git a fortun' and spite that ere JIM MORRIS, the stuck-up jackass of a store-keeper!’ Here Mr. GRUNTER'S meditations were interrupted by the voice of a woman asking: ‘How d'ye sell eggs?’ To which he answered: ‘Two shilling a duzzin, mam!’ and in similar converse the morning passed. Lulls, however, took place in the storm of selling, and Mr. GRUNTER improved these in reflecting over the correct wording of a note to ‘the feller as was goin' to giv him a fortun' for a dollir.’ He thought of commencing it in the orthodox way: ‘I now take my pen in hand;’ but at once dropped that, ‘coz it looked alt'gether too perlite to a feller who wants to sell sumthing!’ Then of bursting out: ‘Here, ole feller, here's a dollir; send along all you've got ter say 'bout making that ere fortun’.

But this was too familiar, and Mr. GRUNTER could n't afford familiarity with a 'news-paper feller.' It was not, however, till he had 'sold out' in market, and stepped over to the Green-Bull Tavern, and sat down to the table with a sheet of paper, pens, ink and wafers before him that the 'immensity' of writing a letter nearly overcome him. He could n't summon up words; his brains were as destitute of thoughts as a hen is of hair. In the intensity of his perplexity he let his head fall on his breast, rammed his hands into his pantaloons-pockets, and straightened out his legs. His hand suddenly touched his pocket-book, and instantly a spark of intelligence was communicated from the positive contents of that book, to the negative contents of his head, and the electricity escaped on the sheet of paper, to wit:

"SIR: You say you can set a feller to making a fortun for a dollir. Grind on, I'm a lissenin'! You say you can maik from fifteen to fifty dollirs a weak: now I want too maik *fifty* dollirs a week. Rite all the smollest kind ov pertikelars so as how their cannt be no kind o' mistakes, at the Green bull tavern is whair You may send a Answer to whitche i hoap will be right speedily, as i cum to town nex weak i send you inside a dollir note now mind you act phair and skwair with

"Yours till i heer from you,

E. GRUNTER.

"Green-bull tavern, Juin 12 1856."

'The 'dollir noat' inclosed by Mr. GRUNTER was on a wild-cat bank, broken and 'busted up' so high, the crows could n't fly to it! at least so they had told him at the tavern, when he went to pay his bill with it, and Mr. GRUNTER, who did n't relish the idea of being 'stuck' with it, determined 'to stick the newspaper feller' with it. This it was, had occasioned the electric excitement before mentioned.

'Leaving explicit directions at the tavern to carefully keep for him any letter that might be sent him, until he came to town next market-day, Mr. GRUNTER got into his wagon and was soon driving along the road at a brisk rate for his farm. Contrary to his usual custom, he did not lie down in the straw on the bottom of his wagon, and go to sleep, or rather doze, only opening an eye when a louder rattling than usual warned him that some body was coming; but he sat up in his seat whisked the lashless whip, jerked the reins so that his old horse thought his head was coming off, and kept up such a devil of a thinking generally, looking inwards, that his eyes were of no more use to him than corn to a weather-cock.

'Mr. GRUNTER affirms that the interval between the time he wrote that letter and received the answer, was 'just the most jolliest he ever knew.' He says during that time 'he bought more 'n fifty farms, big and little; got the greatest kind of a lot of stock; built the switchingest great barn; got elected Senator, went to Congress, had three fights; and 'bout the day he had to go to market again, there was some talk 'bout making of him President!' All this did Mr. GRUNTER go through — in imagination!

'Next market-day Mr. GRUNTER found, on his arrival at the Green-Bull tavern, a letter directed to him, which he nervously opened and read:

"MR. E. GRUNTER:

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of twelfth of this month is to hand, and, according to promise, as per the newspaper, I send you a RECIPE by which any enterprising man can make a fortune. Only be enterprising, and in this community you will be sure to be prosperous and happy:

"S O A P.

"Go buy a large tin kittle and a long nife, and go nocking round at all the back

alley gaits assiduously. Perhaps some of them will cuss you, but don't be put back. Go ahead! — enterprise is sure to prosper. By and by you'll get fat — soap-fat! then more fat, and fat, till you get big enough to boil up into soap with lye and other ingredients, as per receipt given in soap-making books. It's rather teagious work in summer, and ain't quite so perfumed like as it might be, still a *enterprising* man don't mind that. Hoping you'll be grattifide, and make your 'fifty dollars a week,'

I am yours,

WILLIAM DEVER.

'P.S. — My pardner being absent to the races, I write the letters in his absence, witch will account for the different handwriting from the word SOAP down to this. The way I maik from \$15 to \$50 a week is by selling of this receipt! Go itt enurgy!

W. D.'

'It was well for Mr. WILLIAM DE VERE'S or DEVER'S health, that Mr. E. GRUNTER had n't him within arm's reach at the time the latter finished reading this letter; Mr. DEVER would have been severely exercised; as it was, it was some consolation for Mr. GRUNTER that the 'dollar note,' any how, was only a dod-rotted, broken bank thing. But even this peg was broken off by the clerk of the Green-Bull tavern, who told Mr. GRUNTER 'that the dollar note he offered last week was a good one; he had made a mistake in supposing it was one of a bank of similar name, but in a different State, which had failed!'

'Mr. GRUNTER is cured of answering any more such advertisements: his eyes are open to the fallacy of making 'a speedy fortune for one dollar,' *via* soap-fat! He's travelling the long and steady agricultural road, and hereafter intends avoiding SHORT 'CUTS' TO FORTUNE!'

He is a sensible man! - - - 'The Old Church,' by 'PALUS,' is unequal. It commences well, but its merit is not sustained throughout. We annex a few stanzas, in justice to one who can do better, with a more rigid self-criticism:

'T WAS a lovely Sabbath morning,
In the emerald month of June;
Chiming with the Sabbath's stillness,
NATURE softly breathed in tune,

'As I stood beneath the portal
Of the OLD CHURCH on the green;
Gazing as in days departed
On the old familiar scene.

'While I gazed the Present faded,
With its feverish hopes and fears,
Like the perfume from dead roses,
Came the shades of buried years.

'First in mystic fitful flashes,
Baffling MEMORY's keenest ken;
Faint as dreams recalled in dreaming,
Thoughts of childhood rose again.

'Then the memories of my boyhood
Came fast flocking back to me,
Like a group of eager children
Crowding round their grandsire's knee.

'Each one brought some little story,
To relate, of joy or pain;
And in listening to their prattle,
I felt almost young again.'

This is simple and unpretending; and these are qualities which are always commendable in a 'first attempt.' - - - Our friend Judge W —, of Broome, is not only an American patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water: and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage-encounter with him: as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow-passenger with him recently on the Central Rail-Road cars, found out somewhat to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim, in a loud voice, against the beautiful country through which he was passing: to criticise our manners, customs, etc., in a *public* rail-road car. He presently *embroidered* himself with our friend. 'It is most hastonishing, Sir, to a Hinglish gentleman

to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish lengwidg so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of pur-r-sous, pe-laces, end the like, you invariably pronounce wrong: for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the *Cri-me-ah*. Now, it is *not* the *Cri-me-ah*, but the *Crim-eah*.' 'Ah! well,' said the Judge, 'after all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandaigua. It is variously called Canandargua, Canandawga, and Can-an-da-gua. And so of Onondaga county, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with *you*. It is not only the names of *places* which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a '*Norse*;' and you think that a man who don't know what a *Norse* is, must be a *Hass*!' A laugh 'like the neighing of all TATTERSALL's' at this sally, rang through the cars; and our Hinglishman suddenly 'dried up,' and never opened his lips until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany. - - - To our mind there is something exceedingly touching—touchingly simple—in the following picture of a '*Little Lone Grave*,' encountered in an over-land expedition to California, some four years ago. The incident is narrated in the Placerville (California) '*American*.' There is no true parent who can read it without a 'fruitful river i' the eye.' We derive it from the same kind friend from whom we received the *Epitaph upon the Tomb-Stone of the Wife of General Andrew Jackson*:

'THE over-land emigration to California in 1852, was immense, and attended with much of sickness and death. Hardly a company that was not decimated, and many doubly so. New-made graves that, during the first ten days upon the plains, possessed at least a passing melancholy interest, sufficient to turn the steps of the traveller, if only just to know the name and where from, at length became so numerous as hardly to attract a passing notice, unless in the immediate vicinity of our camping-grounds. We had encamped upon one of the very small streams between the Little Blue and the Platte rivers; we were all joyous and happy: our animals as yet in excellent condition, our company all in good health, and we had not been long enough upon the plains to know or feel fatigue. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had stopped early, where water and grass were abundant, and intended to remain there over Sunday.

'Tents were pitched, our horses quietly grazing, and mirth and gayety resounded throughout the camp. More than one of us had observed a little strip of board no wider than a man's hand, standing upright amid the green grass but a few rods from our wagons. One of our company thinking it would make good kindlings, went out to get it, but returned without it, saying nothing. Another went, and he, too, returned without it; and yet another and another; and as they returned all seemed less joyous than before. Our own curiosity was excited, and we, too, with a companion, went out to see it, and discover if possible its apparent sacredness. On approaching it, we found ourselves approaching a lone little grave! The puny mound of earth was fresh, and the green grass around it had hardly recovered from its recent trampling; and newly cut, as with a pen-knife, upon the frail monument were these words:

'OUR ONLY CHILD:

'*Dear Little MARY:*

'FOUR YEARS OLD.'

'But we had no means of ascertaining whose '*Little MARY*' it was. As the sun was yet an hour high or more, it was proposed that we should go on a mile or two to other camping-grounds; and without a question being asked, or a reason given, it was unan-

imously approved and carried into effect. But the true and only cause was, the nearness to our camping-ground of that lone little grave and its frail monument.'

Is n't this a 'touching incident?' - - - How much really and truly beautiful fugitive verse appears in the journals of the United States! Take, as a recent instance, '*The Restoration*,' written for the *Tribune* daily journal by LYDIA A. CALDWELL:

MORE pale than is her coffin-robe,
The lady lies apart;
Her white palms folded close above
The silence in her heart.

'You might suppose her sweet death-smile
Betokened life instead,
If such as she did ever smile
Till after they were dead.

'The same white star whose waning light
Foretells the laggard morn
Rose o'er her mother's dying couch
The night her child was born.'

'Amid her deathly pain she looked
Up through her window-bars,
And sought her baby's horoscope
Among the prophet stars.

'The prophet stars were pitiful —
They hid within the skies;
And kept their secret until DEATH
Had closed the mother's eyes.

'The fatal stars were pitiful,
But not the coming years;
They took the maiden's woman trust,
And left her woman's tears.

'The heavenly stars were merciful,
But not the hearts of men:
They plucked the lilies of her soul,
And gave them not again.

'But DEATH restores her lilies now —
The bloom amid her rest;
To-night the whitest earthly flower
Would stain her marble breast.'

How this may impress others we know not; but we confess that to us it seems to be imbued with true poetic feeling. - - - THE '*Western Christian Advocate*' records the following interesting anecdote of General JACKSON. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference held at Nashville, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the brethren, that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him:

'THE Committee was appointed, and the General fixed the time for nine o'clock on Monday morning. The conference-room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of the Conference, which was called to order by the Bishop, seated in a large chair in the front of the altar, just before the pulpit. After prayer, the committee retired, and a minute after entered conducting the man whom all delighted to honor. They led him to the Bishop's chair, which was made vacant for him, the Bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar. The Secretary was directed to call the names of the members of Conference, which he did in alphabetical order, each coming forward and receiving from the Bishop a personal introduction to the ex-President, and immediately retiring to give place to the next. The ceremony had nearly been completed. The Secretary read the name of Rev. J. T ——. An elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face, clad with a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. Few seemed to know him. He had always been on circuit, on the frontier; and though always at Conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said but little: that little, therefore, was always to the purpose. Mr. T —— came forward, and was introduced to General JACKSON. He turned his face toward the General, who said:

'It seems to me that we have met before.'

'The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said: 'I was with you through the Creek campaign, one of your body-guard at the battle of Horse-Shoe, and fought under your command at New-Orleans.'

'The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long, withered, bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed:

"We'll soon meet where there is no war; where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense."

"Never, before or since, have I seen as many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly. Every eye was moist with weeping. Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than ten in his silent, narrow home. The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent for ever. The old preacher, too, has fought his last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home to that eternal rest."

And with both, 'it is well.' - - - THERE was 'once upon a time' a rather 'hard case' in a town which shall be nameless, in the State of Georgia, who had been 'under discipline' in the Methodist Church, but into whose fold he had again applied for admission. His appeal was argued in the following language by an ardent and forgiving brother: 'Let us try him once more, brethering,' said he: 'I know he has fell from grace once-t or twice: I know he has back-slid-ah more times than he's got fingers and toes-ah: I know that he's been a leetle incontinent-ah; and they *do* say that he has — But it's no use-t to dwell on these p'int^s *now*-ah. He has repented, and he wants to come back-ah, and to *be* and to *do* good-ah! Let us *try* him, brethering, *once* more. Sometimes the wust men makes the best Christians. Let us remember the parable of the barren fig-tree-ah: let us spare him one year more: let us dig about him, and dung him, and see if he do n't come out greener than ever-ah!' This last argument settled the 'scape-grace's admission. 'The ayes had it.' - - - Our correspondent 'SMALL PICA' 'has the floor.'

'Lake St. Croix, May 27, 1856.

'DEAR KNICK: Will you, in the exuberance of your good-nature, allow your 'Western' proposer of 'Baby-Cars' the poor defence of a sheet of paper against the 'hurricane of hornets about his ears?' As Mr. GUPPY sagely remarked, 'There *are* chords in the 'uman 'art,' and, 'not to put too fine a point on it,' I think some of them must have been 'a leetle teched.' While I cannot sufficiently admire the chivalry so unsparingly poured out in defence of women's and babies' rights, I am reluctant to 'give in' or 'give out' without further 'defining my position' before the FANNY FERN of the *La Salle County Journal*.

'I am aware that it is a late day for me to allude to the subject, but that is owing to being so essentially 'Western' as to be almost beyond the reach of mails, (I do not add *females*), as well as four hundred miles beyond all rail-cars; and it was only when comfortably spread out on the forward guards of the noble *Granite State*, luxuriously steaming down the Mississippi one day last week, that I first opened the April number of the KNICKERBOCKER.

'Could I be favored with a call from the lady writer alluded to, *in propria persona*—who, for all the 'catamountish' way of handling her pen, is no doubt amiable and pretty—at my snug log-cabin on the shore of Lake Wakansica, in the big woods of Minnesota, a hundred miles west of the Mississippi, or at my present abiding-place in the neat, thriving village of Hudson, Wisconsin, we could probably settle our little differences in regard to 'old bachelors,' young maids and babies, in an amicable manner. Yet, as the subject is before the public, 'hear me for my cause.' I am not accustomed to dispute with ladies, or to have such sharp sticks poked at me by them; but please exercise a Christian forbearance toward a 'nervous old bachelor,' and he will try and not be more 'crusty' than usual.

'I fear there is a slight misapprehension of what I intended to suggest. Do n't remember as I recommended 'cooping up babies like little animals'—the darlings; but rather that they should have a whole car fitted up with superior accommodations for

their comfort and felicity. And 'cages!' that's too bad. Just imagine a row of caged innocents feeding through the wires! I could n't harbor such a barbarous idea for a moment. She further adds, that 'every body knows the little cherubs are prettier *without any dressing at all!*' and with the most charming assurance whips 'OLD KNICK' himself upon the witness-stand to testify that 'a child never looks half so 'cunning' as when his face is just a *little smutty!*' Such sweeping logic, advanced by a lady, who of course ought to know, backed up by 'OLD KNICK,' whether he will or no, and the truth of it clinched with an '*every body knows,*' is hard to contradict, and I shall not have the ungallantry or temerity to do it positively. I will only suggest, in the eloquent and expressive language of the old saw, that 'there's no accounting for tastes;' and that there might be a diversity of opinion in regard to the 'prettiness' or 'cunning' of 'smutty' babies 'without *any* dressing,' among all but their lawful owners. Can't say that the specimens of this style of 'little cherubs' I have not unfrequently met with 'in this love-making and marrying region,' especially those among the Sioux and Winnebagoes, were particularly prepossessing in loveliness or personal attractions, but have rather inclined me to favor drapery and occasional hydropathic applications even to these living models of infant statuary. But is it not readily seen that all these minor matters can be easily arranged according to tastes in a roomy, well-appointed *Baby-Car*?

'The suggestion of a *Bachelor-Car* — a reasonable modification of the *Smoking-Car* originally proposed — meets my hearty approval; and I promise, as soon as introduced, to make an effort to patronize the institution once at least. Yet if it is to be one 'into which all *crusty* bachelors shall be *thrust*,' I will further propose that a committee of three handsome young ladies be appointed to decide upon the *crustiness* of all candidates, and to *thrust* them into their appropriate seats: and that no single ladies, old, young, or 'uncertain,' except by unanimous consent of the aforesaid clever 'curmudgeons,' 'crusty,' 'nervous old bachelors,' be admitted to enter or occupy this cozy car, divided into commodious, cushioned arm-seats, with high stuffed backs, convenient fixtures for elevating the feet to the most luxurious angle, ventilators to carry off the fragrant incense of the soothing weed, and a news-boy always supplied with the late magazines and newspapers, (*La Salle County Journal* included,) and that 'no sunny-haired,' (molasses-daubed,) 'rosy-checked,' (smutty-faced) 'little innocent may ever lighten' (or darken) 'its interior; that no tiny foot-step may ever patter,' (clatter, etc.) 'through its aisle; that no *musical* (?) *little* (?) voice may ever echo,' (récho and reverberate) 'therein.'

'As before, yours in blessed singleness,

SMALL PICA.'

'Enough said,' *now*. - - - THERE is something very touching in the following story of '*My Dream-Child*.' And let our readers be well assured that it is wholly true. Moreover, it is 'all the WOMAN.'

'How well I remember my fifteenth year! so bright and happy — not entirely so, to be sure, but far happier than all the succeeding ones have ever been.

'As I entered that year, there came to reside in my father's family a gentleman double my age, but whose courtly manners, fine mind, and elegant person soon riveted my attention; for he possessed in an eminent degree an intellectual exterior.

'Of course, as the only daughter, I was at once caressed and chided by all, and bade fair to grow up as my own waywardness dictated. Mr. EVERTON knew me first as a bright, wilful school-girl, too young to be even treated as other than a child; yet when at times he saw flashes of a mind beyond my years, he became possessed with a desire to train and cultivate it in those branches that most suited his own fancy. The succeeding fall, my health failed, and for many weeks I lay very ill. Every morning, as Mr. EVERTON passed my door, he knocked, and inquired of my nurse how I was that day; and there was a world of gentleness in his constant reply: 'Poor child!' I came at last to watch and wait daily for his

voice. My pulse would flutter as I heard his foot descend the stair, and I listened eagerly for the word of sympathy always vouchsafed. Toward winter I was well enough to be carried down into the parlor for the day, but all thought me too frail to see the coming spring. During the month of December Mr. EVERTON was troubled with an attack of inflammation of the throat, that confined him also to the house for a month. All that time we were together, reading often from some brave old poet or some younger and warmer author. Thus was my fancy trained; so my heart taught.

'I had heard rumors, strange and undefined, of a broken engagement, broken some time during his college life, in a city far away, and I seriously, almost jealously, sought to know the truth. He brought me a small and beautiful BIBLE, with the simple words, 'From KATE,' written on the fly-leaf; and told me proudly that what I had heard was true; but why his betrothment had been broken, no one ever knew, nor ever should. I was satisfied; and from that hour the conviction that he loved me grew stronger than any spoken word could have made it. I was too conscious of my plain, thin face and tall, unformed figure to have believed a declaration. There was a shielding tenderness in his manner, a loving interest in his care, that was far more convincing than words.

'Soon after this, I was sent away with an older brother for a change of climate, and thence to school. During my absence, our correspondence, through the influence of this brother, very suddenly terminated, because, from his representations, I saw the propriety of my never replying to Mr. EVERTON's last epistle. Many stories were told me, many misrepresentations made, and I knew that he had left our house. Of this, I own I was glad, for I had heard many things that made it desirable. When I returned, I met him coldly, indifferently, carelessly; for though but sixteen, pride is a finished teacher, and there never was a spoken word of love between us. At this time Mr. EVERTON met a lady whom the following spring he married. It was not a love-match; but grew out of a flirtation so kindly fostered, so tenderly tended, so anxiously watched by a cousin of the lady, and herself, that ere long it blossomed into matrimony. Of this woman I own I was never jealous. She was 'a mark beneath jealousy — too inferior to excite the feeling. She was very showy, but she was not genuine. She had a pretty face, and much cultivation, but her mind was poor, her heart barren, by nature. Nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil. No unforced fruit delighted by its freshness. She was not good: she was not original. She used to repeat sounding phrases from books: she never offered nor had an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of sentiment; but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity. Tenderness and truth were not in her.' (JANE EYRE.) I knew she was not beloved as I had been and still was. I cared but little that she was his wife. I was too young to know how strong the laws of God and man make that tie: I was too young to know how long life is. That I suffered, no one knew: that I lived on, proudly calm and quiet, is not to be wondered at: hundreds do the same.

'In time, I found there was a child coming to my old lover, and I began to dream and work busily for the little one, till it became mine. Little clothes, such as a woman loves to fashion, grew beneath my busy fingers. Nothing could be pretty enough for the darling: nothing satisfied me. I longed to see the sweet face of my dream-child. At last it came — a boy: not pretty, but so dear. I held him in my arms before his father's return (for he had left Mrs. EVERTON alone among strangers, and did not return for some time.)

'Oh! how I petted and dreamed of that dear baby! As he grew older, he came

to love me, and kiss me, and there was a heavenly tenderness between us. I went every week to see him; and once, of a winter evening, as he lay in my arms with his little head upon my shoulder, his father entered, and I saw a flash of love unutterable, as his eyes rested upon us both. While my dream-child lived, I was very happy. I thought of him, I loved him; and it made very holy the love I bore his father.

'One night I remember I went to see his aunt, in a very pretty costume, ready to attend a fancy-ball. My dream-child was ill: he had a high fever, and a hard, dry cough. Mrs. EVERTON, too, was dressed for the ball. I wondered at her leaving her child; and after they were gone, I sat down with his grand-mother by his cradle, and silently held the little burning hand, kissed the hot lips, and pitied his poor father, who was many miles away, and little dreaming how ill his baby was or who was tending him. I feared then he would die, but he did not.

'Fonder and yet more fond grew we of each other, my dream-child and I, till the summer of the pitiless cholera. At early dawn it struck my darling, and we went to him, to see him struggle with his disease, not like a baby, but a man. Clinging to the rungs of his little crib, he would raise himself up, and then sink back in agony, uttering no moan, no cry, till death came.

'Oh! how desolate all became then! The little spirit that gave life to that cold, inanimate clay, had flown. All gave way to their grief, and Mr. EVERTON was hopeless; but it was part of my sorrow not to show what was within my heart. We dressed him in his death-clothes, and sat down. All that night I staid with my child. In the morning I smoothed the soft, fair hair and kissed the noble brow of my dream-child that was dead. In the clothes I had wrought for him I laid him in his coffin, strewing flowers white and pure as my dream-child himself around him. I went about preparing for the funeral, and when all was done, awaited quietly the end.

'The minister came. The ceremony was soon over. Mr. EVERTON was fearfully stricken, for to the child he had clung despairingly. He was the father's only comfort on earth.

'I staid and watched until the clods were piled high upon his little breast, and where but a little before had been laid the object of the most unselfish affection of which I was capable, there remained now but a mound of earth, which every passer-by saw to be a child's grave. How much was buried there! How bitterly, yet how unavailingly I wept. After this, the tie was soon severed that bound the EVERTONS and our own family together. That was years ago; and while I am writing, a baby lies upon my breast and pats my cheek. I love him as only a mother can; but the memory of the dream-child who is dead is fresh and green as the sod that covers his grave.

'*Taunton, (Mass.,) October 30th, 1855.*

Only a WOMAN could have written this. - - - Our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' who is on a trip to the West, sends us, in the following, his first dispatch. We have been in all the places he describes, and would that we could be there again! But for the present at least, 'it may not be:'

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ.:

'*Mackinaw, June 10, 1856.*

'DEAR SIR: Off on a tour through the North-West it has come into my head to send you a few 'jottings' of travel just to keep the memory of OLD KNICK 'jolly green' as regards the writer. Looking over the June number I noted a first-rate notice of the Monteaale House, Suspension Bridge, near Niagara Falls, and solely

and entirely on the strength of it, stopped a day at that house. I can indorse what you said of it to any amount. The memory of that handsomely-furnished-chamber, and the luxury of the sound sleep on that spring-bed, after an eighteen-hour ride by rail-road; the view from the tower; the well-kept table, and the obliging hosts; the pleasant drive to Niagara and the second sight of it! Well, go there, and see about it. From Niagara I went to Detroit over the Great Western Rail-Road of Canada, and found the city of the Strait (*Detroit*) a place to be commended. If you go there don't neglect to take a drive along the River Road, then cross over in the ferry-boat to Sandwich, on the Canada side, and drive down to the Red House: it will pay. From Detroit to Mackinaw I took the steam-boat 'Planet,' and a model boat any one will find her; in twenty-four hours I landed at Mackinaw, and have found a most comfortable hostel in The Mission-House, the principal hotel on the island. As yet the summer travel has not commenced, and the writer, consequently, has plenty of elbow-room. They call Mackinaw the Laughing Island, and a more appropriate name could not have been given it; it is a fit abode for the Good Spirit, especially from June to September! An emerald, three miles long, by three miles wide, set in ultra-marine enamel; it is a gem that Nature must cherish as one of her most beautiful possessions. For miles on miles you can ride or walk through the shady woods, catching here and there beautiful views of the sparkling lake. Leaving the Mission-House, behind which rises the high grass-grown cliff, you can follow the beach for a short distance, and suddenly come to a lofty bluff of limestone formation, the base of which, covered with young trees and fallen rocks, the summit crowned with bright evergreens, the blue lake before you; over it, affording a fine contrast with the sky, the dark-green of the distant island, forms a scene of rare beauty. Now mounting the bluff you follow it through a wild woodland path, till suddenly the Arch Rock is before you, the noble arch of fine proportions descends to the Lake-shore, and the waves bathe the trees at its feet. If you do n't mind a nine-mile walk through the woods, you can make the complete tour of the island by following a wild path winding around the top of the high land, and by making a slight detour, visit Sugar-Loaf Rock, climb up among the clouds to the ruins of old Fort Holmes, the crown of the island, and be repaid by one of the most magnificent views the mind can imagine or eye look upon. If you want change of air, change of scene, a good appetite, sound sleep, and a feeling of peace with all the world and the rest of mankind, come to Mackinaw. It's a splendid place for families; one lady inhabitant of Mackinaw has eighteen or nineteen children. N. C. Fish! Parbleu! If you once taste the fresh yellow trout of the lake, you will keep Lent and never borrow a care the whole time you're on the island. White-fish are good, but the 'yellow boys' have fascinated the writer; so let it be! *Appropos* of fish, I heard a story the other morning which proves the ever-longing, ever-sighing mutability of mankind. The landlady of a hotel in one of the Lake towns, served her boarders so long with fish, that one day as she was bringing in with her own hands, on a large plate, a noble specimen of a boiled trout, one of her fastidious boarders cried out: 'For God's sake, Mrs. G., bring that fish in tail foremost — just for a change!'

'They still point out the buildings of the American Fur Company to you in Mackinaw, but their glory has departed. Like the singed cat who carried off the mackerel, Fish, not Fur, is the order of the day here, commercially. Thousands of barrels are annually shipped from Mackinaw, so that the trout and white-fish afford employment to great numbers of people here and at the adjacent fisheries.

'The Old-School Indians are scarce around Mackinaw, but the New-School or Half-Breeds abound. While sketching this morning at Arch-Rock, a pack of little urchins, with ventilating pantaloons, came out of the woods, and such 'execrable' French as they talked! One more adventurous than the rest climbed out on the rock till he was half-way over the arch, and was at once saluted by his youngest friend, of apparently six summers: '*N'allez pas la Pierre! sacrée bougre d'une biche!*' That 's enough, is n't it? I shut up my sketch-book and came away, for I'm naturally pious.

'INDIAN CURIOSITIES. — This attractive sign is over several stores in Mackinaw, and acts admirably on the Johnny Raws who visit this wild West! Mococks o maple sugar, or little birch bark envelopes, worked with porcupine quills and filled with the sugar, are sweet little remembrancers to carry away to the young ones at home; but as for this bead-work and so on — Bashaw! Bosh!

'Good-by, and if you hear from me again, you will!

H. P. L.'

New Publications: Art-Notices, &c.

CHRISTINE, OR WOMAN'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. By LAURA J. CURTIS. — CHRISTINE is a farmer's daughter, who early shows *unmistakable* signs of genius by a dislike of work of all kinds. She is educated by an aunt, who keeps a fashionable boarding-school. Here she attracts the notice of a young man, PHILIP ARMSTRONG, rich, talented, and slightly dissipated, just enough so to be *interesting*. She is on the point of marrying him, when he proves himself unworthy, and is dismissed; and CHRISTINE, urged on by a friend, becomes a champion of Woman's Rights. By this course her friends become estranged, and her father, Mr. ELLIOTT, expels her from his house. She lectures, and is becoming celebrated, when her father and aunt, incensed at her pursuance of a course which they think disgraces their family, determine to force her to retire from public life. By a well-concerted plan they place her in an insane asylum, and she remains there until nearly as insane as they have represented. However, she finally escapes, and establishes a sort of Home for poor women. It flourishes, and she finds herself at the head of a large establishment. All this time not a word has been heard of PHILIP, but now he appears in a dying condition, and as a dying man CHRISTINE marries him. But love, omnipotent as usual, restores him, and together they labor for the good of womankind. CHRISTINE's friends become reconciled to her, and she gives up lecturing, and becomes quite a model-wife. We like the book. It is well-written, the characters finely drawn, and well sustained; but we do not quite agree with the author in her advocacy of Woman's Rights.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. — Rev. Mr. CASTLEREAGH is a teacher who devotes himself to that calling from an ardent desire to do good. The book depicts his trials and discouragements, his strivings against them, and finally his overcoming them for a short time. Slight sketches are given of the characters of teachers and scholars, and of the manner in which the school is conducted. The health of Rev. Mr. CASTLEREAGH fails, and he is obliged to relinquish his designs. Broken down in mind and body, he retires from his school, and contents himself with thoughts of the good he has done. We do not like this book at all. It is written carelessly and incoherently, and in many places it is difficult to ascertain the author's meaning. Four or five pages are devoted to a discourse on the wickedness of playing marbles, and there is a very evident endeavor to introduce Latin quotations.

'PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES:' 'ITALIAN SIGHTS AND PAPAL PRINCIPLES.' By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. — We like both of these books very much. They are written easily and entertainingly, and give, in a familiar way, pictures of French

and Italian home life. There is an interesting description of Pompeii in the 'Italian Sights;' and a dream, which the author has while there, is most excellently told.

'ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY,' included in a Critical Examination of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding; translated from the French of COUSIN, by Professor HENRY, D.D., has been issued, in a fourth edition, by Messrs. IVISON AND PHINNEY, of this city. Nearly twenty years ago there appeared in the pages of this magazine an amusing account of a meeting of the Metaphysical Society, on which occasion the question was discussed, '*Whether a chimera, ruminating in a vacuum, devoureth second intentions?*' We were forcibly reminded of this while reading the following passage in the work named at the head of this article:

'This theory, which considers universal and necessary truths as abstractions, but as abstractions which have their ground and reason in things, is more true than the exclusive conceptualism which we first indicated and rejected, a conceptualism, which, shutting up truth in the human intelligence, makes the nature of things to be a phantom of the intelligence projecting itself everywhere out of itself, at once triumphant and powerless, since it produces every thing and produces nothing but chimeras. But although the peripatetic theory contains a large portion of truth, it is itself too narrow, too exclusive.'

But to be serious. The work under examination is not presented to the public in that forbidding black, long sacred to theological and metaphysical tomes. Indeed the grace and external beauty of the volume very properly typify that clearness of analysis, and that transparent flow of the style, by which the subject-matter is distinguished. In the whole five hundred and sixty-eight pages we have found but few foggy passages: one of which is given above. The higher class of students, and all earnest and intelligent thinkers everywhere, who do not already possess the work, will hail the opportunity to secure so valuable a contribution to the shadowy subject of modern psychology. It may be regarded as a skillful mapping out of the Ideal, leading one up to the very mountain-tops of Thought: those severe regions of calm contemplation, where all things may be viewed in their eternal relations, and where the true student finds his most exhilarating atmosphere. With this eloquent extract we conclude:

'MATTER is stirred and penetrated by forces which are not material, and it follows laws which attest an intelligence everywhere present. The finest chemical analysis arrives not to a nature dead and inert, but to a nature organized after its manner, which is not destitute of forces and of laws. In the depths of the abyss or in the heights of the heavens, in a grain of sand or a gigantic mountain, an immortal spirit rays forth from the grossest envelopes. Contemplate nature with the eyes of the body, but also with the eyes of the soul. Everywhere a moral impression will strike us, and form will seize upon us as a symbol of thought. We have said that with man and with the animal the figure is beautiful by its expression. And when you are on the summit of the Alps or in sight of the immense ocean, when you are present at the rising or the setting of the sun, at the breaking-out of the light, and at the coming on of night, do these imposing pictures produce in you no moral effect? Do all these great spectacles appear merely for appearance' sake, or do we not regard them as manifestations of an admirable power, intelligence, and wisdom, and is not the face of nature, so to speak, expressive as that of man?'

Our publisher is waxing eloquent — he is even enthusiastic. He says: 'As we step into our publication-office one of these warm June days, after a walk through the dusty streets, how refreshing do we find a draught of cooling ice-water. A small quantum of the pure Rockland Lake ice, the saving of which was so recently described in these pages, with a due proportion of Croton, is, by the ingenuity of some person, preserved in a double vessel of zinc; the space between the inner and outer jar being filled with cork or some mysterious preparation. But this fact we know, that a piece of ice in one of these COOLERS will last for twenty-four hours, and no office or dwelling should be without one. They are to be obtained of various sizes, and quite a variety of tastefully decorated styles, of MESSRS. J. & C. BERRIAN, 601 Broadway, whose large and various assortment of house-furnishing goods attracts purchasers from every section of the country.'

PORTER'S RHETORICAL READER.—This far-famed reading-book has passed through a number of editions almost fabulous: and now having been enlarged by the addition of some two hundred pages of new reading matter, selected by J. N. McELLIOTT, LL.D.